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# A L I E N<sup>3</sup>

by

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## ALIEN III

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEEP SPACE 1

A vast star field.  
Movement through the eerie void.  
Silence.  
Silence.  
Silence.

BEGIN CREDITS:

2 FAST CUT - FACE HUGGER - DIGIT - 2

3 EXT. DEEP SPACE 3

Star field.  
A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

4 INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO 4

Newt's face.  
A crack in the protective glass.

5 EXT. DEEP SPACE 5

Star field.  
A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

6 CATSCAN IMAGE - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL - 6

The Face-Hugger on Newt.  
Sound of an alarm.

7 EXT. DEEP SPACE 7

Star field.  
A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

7A RIPLEY - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL 7A

Looking down at Newt.

7B NEWT - BRIEF - ELLIPTICAL 7B

Marks on her face - her look seems to say: "Help me, Ripley."

7C RIPLEY - IN HER CAPSULE

7C

Feverish, asleep.

8 INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO SLOW 8  
MOTION - BRIEF ELLIPTICAL

Acid blood dripping on the floor.

9 EXT. DEEP SPACE

9

Star field.

A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

10 INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO 10  
SLEEPING CHAMBER

Cracks appearing on the cylinder's glass.

11 EXT. DEEP SPACE

11

Star field.

A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

12 INT. CRYOGENIC COMPARTMENT - SULACO 12

Lights blazing on -- an ALARM SOUNDS...

13 EXT. DEEP SPACE

13

Star field.

A sense of movement thru the void.

13A FAST CUT - SULACO BLOOD BLOSSOMING THRU 13A  
FABRIC -

14 EXT. DEEP SPACE

14

Star field.

A sense of movement thru the void.

14A FAST CUT - BULKHEAD BOLT EXPLODES - 14A

15 EXT. DEEP SPACE

15

Star field.

A sense of movement thru the void.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

- 15A ELLIPTICAL CUT - SLEEP CHAMBER FALLING AWAY FROM CAMERA THRU TUBE - 15A
- 16 INT. POD - SULACO 16  
Sleep Chamber slots into place alongside others.
- 16A INT./EXT. SULACO 16A  
The sleep chamber pod drops away from the Sulaco -- into the void.
- 17 E.C.U. - RIPLEY'S EYES - 17  
pull back as droplets of moisture spread away - reveal broken canopy glass.
- 18 EXT. PLANET - FIORINA 18  
The E.E.V. pod falling and tumbling end over end, inexorably down to the planet below.  
Super:  
THE PLANET FIORINA JULY 23  
HYPERION GALAXY TIME OF DAY:  
MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON 12:05 P.M.  
"FURY 161"  
Entering atmosphere, the pod begins to heat up...  
Flames erupt in its wake.
- 19 EXT. THE PLANET FIORINA - BEACH - DUSK 19  
Though mid-day, the sun barely visible on the horizon line...  
Howling wind.  
The bleak landscape dotted with huge skeletons of abandoned machinery.  
Cranes, derricks, surface vehicles...  
Windmills spin crazily in the gale force wind.  
A BLACK SEA  
Oily breakers on an anthracite shore...  
The enormous waves roll and crash onto a shining silicone beach -
- 20 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - WEYLAND 20  
YUTANI WORK CORRECTIONAL FACILITY -  
FURY 161 - MONTAGE INTERCUT  
A hand works as Dat-Scan operator. Types in the Following:



20 CONT.

20 CONT.

FURY 161 - CLASS C PRISON UNIT  
 IRIS - 12037154 - REPORT E.E.V.  
 UNIT 2650 CRASH - ONE  
 SURVIVOR - LT. RIPLEY -  
 B5156170 - DEAD CPL. HICKS  
 L55321 - UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE  
 - APPROX. 12 YEARS OLD -  
 REQUEST EMERG. EVAC.  
 SOONEST POSSIBLE -- AWAIT  
 RESPONSE SUPT. ANDREWS  
 M51021.

21 EXT. BEACH - THE PLANET FIORINA - CLEMENS - 21  
 DUSK

Tall, gaunt, his head shaved bald. At his feet, the dark sand is infested with tiny iridescent insects. Lice and termites.

A FIERY LIGHT

Appears momentarily through a rolling cloud. Clemens stares at it. Seconds later, the E.E.V. SLAMS into the black sea.

22 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE 22

TO: FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON  
 UNIT - 1237154 - FROM NETWORK  
 COMCON 01500 - WEYLAND  
 YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED.

23 INTERCUT: 23

A.. Ripley's body floating up on shore.

B. Clemens pulling her onto the dark sand.

24 INT. BUG WASH - WEYLAND-YUTANI WORK - 24  
 CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - FURY-161

Medical Officer Clemens enters carrying Ripley's body - spots prisoners JANNI, VINCENT and ED delousing across the way.

CLEMENS

An E.E.V.'s come down - get out on the beach. There may be others.

THE PRISONERS' SHOWER AREA

React to seeing the woman's body...

CLEMENS

Now, damn it! Now!

Grab their clothes -

24 CONT.

24 CONT.

AT A TABLE

Clemens kneels beside Ripley, examining her face.  
 Her lips start to move.  
 Cradling her head, he tries to hear what she's saying.  
 Ripley suddenly screams --  
 Clemens pulls her face close...  
 Turns her head away.  
 Gagging on black salty water, Ripley coughs up...  
 Struggling for air as --

25 INTERCUT WITH MAXI-GRAPHIC MESSAGE FROM 25  
 COMM. ROOM -

A. EXT. BEACH - THE PLANET FIORINA - DUSK

Oxen appear over a low sand hill.

B. EXT. BEACH - THE PLANET FIORINA - DUSK

Men pulling bodies out of the E.E.V.

C. EXT. BEACH - THE PLANET FIORINA - DUSK

Oxen pulling the E.E.V. over the sandy beach.

D. EXT. BEACH - THE PLANET FIORINA - DUSK

A dead ox - feet splayed in the air.

26 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL 26

Cathedral-like.  
 Four stories high.  
 Candles are used to augment minimal electric light.  
 The assembled prisoners move into position --  
 Hang from railings...  
 Smoke.  
 A prisoner population of 25 men.  
 All are present.  
 Lean, hard looking, of all ages...  
 No fatties.

SUPERINTENDENT HARRY ANDREWS -

Late-forties, solid build, shaved head, seated at the center...

AARON -

Andrews' general factorum...Aaron's in his early-thirties, a big,  
 beefy, top-Sergeant type...

CLEMENS -

Some distance away...his face reflects the somber mood of the  
 room's assemblage.

26 CONT.

26 CONT.

PRISONER DILLON

Steps to the middle as all the prisoners rise and strike a reverent attitude.

JUNIOR steps back..

Dillon is bald like the others...

Wire rimless glasses.

Clearly a leader.

DILLON

Give us strength, Oh Lord, to endure.  
Until the day. Amen.

The prisoners all raise their right fists...

GROUND LEVEL

Andrews clears his throat --

ANDREWS

Thank you gentleman -- This is rumor control. Here are the facts. As some of you know, a 337 model E.E.V. crash landed here at 0600 on the morning watch. There was one survivor. Two dead and a droid that was hopelessly smashed beyond repair. The survivor is a woman.

Mumbles among the prisoners.

MORSE -- late-twenties, tight-jawed, gold teeth -- steps out of the pack -- confronts Andrews...

MORSE

(agitated)

I just want to say that I took a vow of celibacy. That means no women. We all took the vow.

Dillon steps in front of Morse, a gesture of restraint...

DILLON

What brother means to say is ... we view the presence of any outsider, particularly a woman, as a violation of the harmony, a potential break of the spiritual unity.

ANDREWS

We are well aware of your feelings in this matter. You will be pleased to know that I have requested a rescue team. Hopefully, they will be here inside of a week and evacuate her A.S.A.P.

(to Clemens)

What's her medical status?

26 CONT.

26 CONT.

All eyes turn to Clemens.

CLEMENS

She doesn't seem too badly damaged.  
She is unconscious. Difficult at the  
moment to make a specific diagnosis.

ANDREWS

Will she live?

Clemens considers the question.

CLEMENS

Yes. I should think so.

Pursing his lips, Andrews glances back at Dillon.

ANDREWS

Look, none of us here is naive.

(pause)

It's in everybody's best interests if the  
woman doesn't come out of the  
Infirmary until the rescue team  
arrives. And certainly not without an  
escort. Right? So we should all stick  
to our set routines and not get unduly  
agitated. Correct? All right. Thank  
you, gentlemen.

Nobody moves.

DILLON

Okay.

He gives a signal and the assemblage breaks up...  
Dillon stops Clemens.

DILLON

Pill pusher. You should be careful of  
this woman.

CLEMENS

I happen to believe we owe all God's  
children a fighting chance.

DILLON

Right. Except we don't exactly know  
whose child she is...and no one is  
exactly beyond temptation.

JUNIOR

(big smile)

That's right. That's right.

27 INT. INFIRMARY

27

Ripley lies still on a cot.

27 CONT.

27 CONT.

Clemens at her side.  
There's an IV pack taped to her arm.  
Across the way, Andrews and Aaron stare at her. Prisoner  
KEVIN stands in the background.

ANDREWS  
What's her status, Mr. Clemens?

CLEMENS  
No change.

ANDREWS  
Thank you, Mr. Clemens. That's very  
helpful. You will keep me informed.

He and Aaron stride out of the room, as Clemens checks her  
vital signs...  
On a table beside the cot, he finds another syringe with clear  
liquid...  
Prepares to give her an injection.  
Ripley's eyes snap open.

RIPLEY  
What's that?

Clemens is surprised, but tries not to let it show.

CLEMENS  
A light cocktail of my own mix. Sort  
of an eye opener.

RIPLEY  
Are you a doctor?

CLEMENS  
I've only got a 3-C rating. But I'm the  
best you're going to find around  
here...I really ought to shave your  
head.

Lifts a razor.  
Startled, Ripley sits bolt upright on the cot, pulling the sheet  
around her.

CLEMENS  
Lice. Big problem here, I'm afraid.  
When your hand is steadier you can  
attend to your private parts yourself.

Pause.

CLEMENS  
My name is Clemens. I'm the Chief  
Medical Officer here at FURY 161.  
One of Weyland Yutani's backwater  
work prisons, it grieves me to say.

27 CONT.

27 CONT.

RIPLEY

How did I get here?

CLEMENS

You rode down on an EEV. Evidently separated from your mothership before you hit our atmosphere. I've no idea how long you were in hypersleep - coming down the way you did can be a jolt to your system.

RIPLEY

I'll be sick for two weeks if I decompressed too fast.

CLEMENS

Yes. Quite nauseous.

RIPLEY

What about the others?

CLEMENS

I'm afraid they didn't make it.

This sinks in.

CLEMENS

Would you like the physical details?

RIPLEY

I have to get to the ship.

CLEMENS

You're in no condition for that.

She stands.  
Buck naked.

RIPLEY

You want to get me some clothes, or should I go like this?

CLEMENS

Given the nature of our indigenous population, I would suggest clothes.

He turns and opens a closet.

CLEMENS

None of them has seen a woman in years. Neither have I for that matter.

28 INT. STAIRWELL - CONE OF SILENCE

28

A now fully-clothed Ripley and Clemens. Prisoner GREGOR passes them in the corridor...

28 CONT.

28 CONT.

RIPLEY

How come you know my name?

CLEMENS

It's stenciled on the back of your shorts. We also found your dog tags.

29 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

29

Prisoners WILLIAM, ARTHUR, VINCENT, CHRISTOPHER and Ed are lowering the E.E.V. via a huge overhead crane.

CLEMENS

Originally the whole place was a mineral ore refinery -- Fifty years ago it was re-cycled into a toxic dump. The prisoners make lead sheets to seal off any leakage in the shafts -- we don't really get many shipments -- Weyland-Yutani's got the facility on hold.

RIPLEY

No women prisoners?

CLEMENS

This is a double Y chromosome facility. All of them rather nasty fellows. No women allowed.

RIPLEY

Great.

CLEMENS

This used to be a thousand man facility, but we're down to twenty-five - the Company just keeps the operation on pilot light.

Ripley takes a deep breath and crawls into:

30 INT. E.E.V.

30

Everything is smashed, wrecked...  
In the very cramped quarters, Ripley finds a place to kneel.  
Clemens follows her inside.

RIPLEY

Where are the bodies?

CLEMENS

We have a morgue. We've put them there until the investigative team arrives, probably in a week's time.

RIPLEY

There was an android...

30 CONT.

30 CONT.

CLEMENS

Disconnected. There were pieces of him all over the place. What's left of him was thrown in the trash. The Corporal was impaled by a support beam. He never knew what hit him. The little girl drowned in her cryotube. I don't think she was conscious...I'm sorry.

She struggles for control.

Impossible.

Her eyes fill with tears.

Eyes brimming, Ripley spots the remains of Newt's cryotube.

Faceplate is broken.

Probably happened in the crash.

There's a strange discoloration on the metal below the faceplate.

She leans forward, running her fingers over it...

RIPLEY

You checked her over?

CLEMENS

What is it?

RIPLEY

Where is she?

CLEMENS

I told you. The morgue. You are disoriented. Half your system is still in hyper-sleep --

RIPLEY

I want to see what's left of her body.

CLEMENS

What do you mean, what's left? The body's intact.

RIPLEY

It is? I want to see it.

31 INT. MORGUE - STEPS LEADING DOWNWARD

31

Clemens leads Ripley along the circular stairwell. Prisoner Kevin walks in front of them.

CLEMENS

Any particular reason you're so insistent?

RIPLEY

I have to make sure how she died.

CLEMENS

She drowned.



31 CONT.

RIPLEY

You're sure?

CLEMENS

Why do you ask? Was she your daughter?

RIPLEY

No, a friend. Look, she was very close to me. It's important.

31 CONT.

32 INT. MORGUE - MAIN FLOOR

32

Along one wall, floor to ceiling, stainless steel cabinets.  
The floor is corrugated tile, chipped and cracked by time.  
A drawer is pulled from the wall --

THE DRAWER

Has a drain at its center.  
Collapsible sides.  
They both look down at Newt's body.

RIPLEY

Give me a moment.

Clemens steps away.

RIPLEY

Goodbye, baby.

She touches Newt's face...  
Ripley closes her eyes.  
A moment of silence.  
Then turns back to Clemens.

RIPLEY

We need an autopsy.

CLEMENS

You're joking.

RIPLEY

I told you - we have to make sure how she died.

CLEMENS

And I told you - it's quite clear that she drowned.

RIPLEY

It may have been something else.

CLEMENS

What?

32 CONT.

32 CONT.

Cholera.

RIPLEY

CLEMENS

You can't be serious. There hasn't been a case reported in 200 years.

RIPLEY

Yeah? Well, I was part of the combat team that nuked Archeron. That was one of the reasons.

CLEMENS

We don't get much news out here, but even we would have heard about that.

RIPLEY

Really? I guess you don't work for the same company I do.

A pause.

Clemens lifts an electric saw.

Makes an incision in Newt's chest from the top of her throat to the bottom of her sternum.

He places his hands on either side of the incision.

Taking a deep breath, Clemens pries open Newt's cavity.

CLEMENS

We have nothing unusual. Everything in place. No sign of disease. No sign of any contagion.

Now makes a cross-lateral incision.

CLEMENS

Still nothing. Satisfied?

She turns away.

CLEMENS

Now, since I'm not entirely stupid, do you want to tell me what you're really looking for?

A door smashes open.

Andrews and Aaron enter.

ANDREWS

Mr. Clemens.

CLEMENS

Superintendent.

CLEMENS

I don't believe you've met Lieutenant Ripley.

32 CONT.

32 CONT.

ANDREWS

What's going on, Mr. Clemens?

CLEMENS

First, Lieutenant Ripley is feeling much better, I'm happy to say. Second, in the interests of public health, I'm conducting an autopsy.

ANDREWS

Without my authority?

CLEMENS

There didn't seem to be time, but it's all turned out all right, the body shows no signs of contagion.

ANDREWS

Good. But it might be helpful if Lt. Ripley didn't parade around in front of the prisoners, as I am told she did in the last hour. It might also be helpful if you kept me informed as to any change in her physical status. Or would that be asking too much?

Aaron staring at Newt's body.

AARON

The prisoners believe defiling a body is a sin...

ANDREWS

(to Ripley)

Yes. When one of our prisoners dies, they want the body whole, so he can be resurrected during the coming apocalypse.

RIPLEY

But they wouldn't object to outsiders being cremated?

ANDREWS

It would be fine with them -- but I'm afraid I would object. It would look bad on my report. We'll keep the bodies on ice until the rescue team arrives.

RIPLEY

There is the public health issue.

Looks at Clemens.

32 CONT.

32 CONT.

CLEMENS

Lt. Ripley feels that there's the possibility of a communicable contagion.

ANDREWS

I thought you said there was no sign of disease.

CLEMENS

I think it would be unwise to tolerate even the possibility of an unwanted virus. An outbreak would look very bad on your report, wouldn't it?

An unhappy Andrews turns to Ripley.

ANDREWS

We have twenty-five prisoners in this facility. All double Y chromos, all thieves, rapists, murderers, forgers, child molesters...all scum. But scum that have taken on religion. I, for one, don't think that makes them any less dangerous. So I try not to offend their convictions. I don't want to disturb the order. I don't want ripples in the water. And I don't want a woman walking around giving them ideas.

RIPLEY

Yes. Obviously for my own personal safety.

ANDREWS

Exactly.

The two lock eyes -- then Andrews turns back to Clemens.

ANDREWS

I will leave the details of the cremation to you, Mr. Clemens.

33 INT. ABATTOIR - STALLS

33

Shiny, tiled walls.

Stalls and pens containing live chickens, goats, lambs, oxen, rabbits...

Behind a screen across the way -- various cuts of meat, chicken, lamb, etc., hang from rusted hooks in the arctic gloom...

Row upon row of razor sharp knives line a wall by the door.

Two prisoners, FRANK and MURPHY, lurch into the room, pushing the dead ox on a rusted ore-cart.

MURPHY

I mean if you got a chance - what would you say to her?

33 CONT.

33 CONT.

FRANK

What do you mean, if I got a chance?

MURPHY

You know, if you got a chance. You take a dumb pill or something?

FRANK

Just casual you mean?

MURPHY

Yeah. How would you put it to her - you know, if you ran into her in the mess hall or something.

They manage to get the dead beast out onto the floor -- Wrap chains around the animal's back legs and begin to winch it overhead.

FRANK

No problem. Never had any problem with the ladies. I'd say 'good day, my dear, how's it going, anything I could do to be of service?' - then I'd give her the look, you know, up and down...give her a wink, nasty smile, she'd get the picture.

MURPHY

Right. And she'd say 'kiss my ass you horny old fucker.'

FRANK

I'd be happy to kiss her ass. Be happy to kiss her anywhere she wants.

MURPHY

Yeah, but treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen - right, Frank?

FRANK

Treat the queens like whores, the whores like queens. Can't go wrong.

They pull the beast higher, then to a full stop as it swings on the thick chains.

MURPHY

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah?

MURPHY

What do you think killed Babe?

33 CONT.

33 CONT.

FRANK  
Beats me. Just keeled over.

MURPHY  
How old was she?

FRANK  
Charts say eleven. In the prime. Chop her up, later, we'll throw her in the stew.

MURPHY  
Right.

34 INT. LEAD WORKS

34

Prisoners TROY, MARTIN, DAVID, Morse, and Arthur working; oxen pulling ore carts from underground tunnels.

DAVID  
You goin'?

MARTIN  
Nothin' to do with us.

TROY  
Dillon gonna be there?

Dillon appears -- Junior at his side.  
All eyes turn...

DILLON  
Shut it down.

The fires are immediately banked.

DILLON  
We're all goin'. We show our respect.  
They want to burn bodies, fine by us,  
long as it isn't one of us.

He moves off...

JUNIOR  
That's right. Long as it isn't one of us.

The others follow.

35 INT. LEAD WORKS - BLAST FURNACE

35

An immense space located in the bowels of the operation. Vaguely rectangular, the room is carved out of the very rock of the planet.  
In the center, there's an enormous pit.  
Flames are visible over beveled edges descending to the depths.  
On one wall, a series of ducts and fans control oxygen flow into the furnace area.

35 CONT.

35 CONT.

Cranes on tracks running up and down the room can be loaded or unloaded from catwalks above the pit.

## TWO PRISONERS

Stand on a crane, a short distance from the fire in the pit.  
 Rippling heat rises from the floor below.  
 The prisoners hold between them two canvas bags, one containing Newt's body.  
 One containing Hicks' remains.  
 Below them --

## RIPLEY

stands on a catwalk beside Clemens, looking at the two prisoners on the crane.  
 Aaron, Dillon, and several other prisoners are behind her.  
 To her right, Andrews opens a book and begins to read:

## ANDREWS

We commit this child and this man to  
 your keeping, O Lord. Their bodies  
 have been taken from the shadow of  
 our nights. They have been released  
 from all darkness and pain...

36 BELOW THE CATWALK

36

A small claustrophobic space cramped with iron pipes, levers and pulleys.  
 Prisoner Troy, sweating profusely, starts opening valves for all he's worth.  
 On a panel before him, gauges start to move.  
 Pressure builds.  
 A dial to his right...  
 Troy moves the lever to the second position.  
 Dials on the panel head for the red zones...

37 THE WALL

37

of the furnace, as giant air-ducts slide open...  
 Huge fans force air into the chamber.

## IN THE PIT

Now combined with oxygen, the methane flame rises.  
 Getting hotter and hotter...  
 Blazes through the spectrum, going from red to white-hot.

## ON THE CATWALK

Ripley starts to quietly cry.  
 Tears run freely down her face.  
 Clemens watches her closely.  
 Still reading, Andrews raises his voice;

37 CONT.

37 CONT.

ANDREWS

The child and the man have gone  
beyond our world. They are forever  
eternal and everlasting...ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust.

38 INT. ABATTOIR - THE DEAD OX

38

Seemingly begins to dance crazily.  
Grotesque.  
Something inside the ox trying to break free...

39 CATWALK

39

Dillon shoulders his way through the others - stares out at the  
flames.

DILLON (O.S.)

Why are the innocent punished? Why  
the sacrifice? Why the pain?

Andrews puts down the book.  
Looks over to Dillon, who has, seemingly uninvited, taken over  
the service.

DILLON

There aren't any promises. Nothing's  
certain. Only some get called. Some  
get saved.

IN THE FURNACE

the fire rages...

ON THE CRANE

reeling from the heat, the two prisoners reach their breaking  
point.  
Hurling the two canvas bags into the pit, they beat a hasty  
retreat.

ON THE CATWALK

weeping freely, Ripley watches what used to be Newt and Hicks  
disappear into the inferno.  
Impulsively, she takes Clemens' arm for support.  
He gives it freely.  
Dillon keeps reading:

DILLON

She won't ever know the hardship and  
grief for those of us left behind. We  
commit this body to the void with a  
glad heart...



## 40 IN THE ABATTOIR

40

on the table, the ox's body is stretched and distorted.  
Suddenly, in a moment of carnal frenzy --

## A CHEST - BURSTER

explodes from the ox's thorax.  
Rockets out of the carcass and tumbles to the floor.

This thing has four legs, Alien head and drooling mouth.  
Like a horrifying fawn, it struggles to get legs under it.  
Wobbles round the room.

## DILLON (OS)

Within each seed there's the promise of  
a flower. And within each death, no  
matter how small, there's always a new  
life. A new beginning.

Struggling upright, the baby creature gurgles...  
Clatters across the floor and disappears into an air-duct.

## 41 IN THE GALLERY

41

Above the furnace...  
Ripley can no longer maintain.  
A nervous gesture to her hair.  
Another to her ear.  
Now scratches her head, despite the tears.  
Scratches again.  
Looks at her hand.  
Recoils.  
Looks over to Clemens...

## 42 INT. BUG WASH

42

Ripley in a stall.  
Her face appears in a mirror, above a steaming basin.  
She studies her appearance.  
Now bald.

## CHEMICAL SHOWER

Ripley standing in the hard spray amid the swirling steam...  
Chin high.  
Eyes shut.  
An act of purification.

## OUTER BUG WASH DOOR

Clemens stands guard.

43 INT. MESS HALL

43

The prisoners eating -- making jokes, small talk.  
Andrews and Aaron at small table, off by themselves.

TABLE - MESS HALL

Prisoners GOLIC, BOGGS and RAINS eating.  
Each with a sullen look...  
Dillon sits down at their table.

DILLON

Okay. You guys want to tell me what  
the problem is?

No response.

DILLON

Speak to me, brothers.

RAINS

All right, I'll tell you. I don't mind  
the dark, I don't mind the bugs, I don't  
mind wandering around in some cold,  
wet damp tunnel for a week at a time, I  
don't mind anything. But I mind  
Golic.

DILLON

(to Boggs)

That the way you feel about it?

BOGGS

Yeah. The man is crazy. And smells  
bad. I ain't goin' out with him  
anymore.

DILLON

(to Golic)

You got anything to say for yourself?

Golic shrugs, grins like an idiot.

DILLON

(to Rains and  
Boggs)

He is going with you. You have a job  
to do. You will learn not to mind  
Golic, he is another poor, miserable,  
suffering son-of-a-bitch like you and  
me.

RAINS

Except he smells worse.

43 CONT.

43 CONT.

BOGGS

And he's crazy.

DILLON

You have a job. You are foragers.  
You are meant to find abandoned  
provisions and equipment. You do this  
to help your fellow prisoners. You do  
this to prove your loyalty to me. I  
don't want to hear another word about  
Golic.

He looks up.

RIPLEY

Enters...

The entire room goes silent.

She takes some combread from a basket on one of the tables...

All eyes riveted on her.

She spots Dillon.

Moves to his table...

ANDREWS' TABLE

Andrews watches Ripley as she moves to Dillon.

Not a happy look on Andrews' face.

He turns to Aaron.

ANDREWS

As I thought, Mr. Aaron. As I  
thought...

DILLON'S TABLE

As Ripley arrives.

Stands opposite Dillon...

He stares straight ahead.

Doesn't acknowledge her presence.

RIPLEY

I wanted to thank you for your words  
at the funeral. They helped...

He finally turns to her --

DILLON

You don't wanna know me. I am a  
murderer and a rapist. Of women.

RIPLEY

Really. I guess I must make you  
nervous.

A moment.

Then Dillon smiles.

43 CONT.

43 CONT.

DILLON

Do you have any faith, sister?

RIPLEY

Not much.

DILLON

We got lots of faith here. Enough even for you.

RIPLEY

I thought women weren't allowed.

DILLON

We never had any before. We tolerate anybody. Even the intolerable.

RIPLEY

Thank you.

DILLON

That's just a statement of principle. Nothing personal. We got a good place here to wait. Up to now, no temptation.

RIPLEY

Wait for what?

DILLON

We are waiting for God to return and raise his servants to redemption.

A moment as they stare at one another - she turns and moves off.

44 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

44

Ripley and Clemens seated at ground level.  
Prisoner Martin lurks in the background.  
Clemens pours Ripley a short whisky.

CLEMENS

Dillon and the rest of them got religion, so to speak, about five years ago --

RIPLEY

What kind of religion?

CLEMENS

I don't know -- some sort of millenarian apocalyptic Christian fundamentalist brew...

RIPLEY

Great.

44 CONT.

44 CONT.

CLEMENS

Exactly. The point is when the Company wanted to close down the place, Dillon and his converts wanted to stay. It was decided to leave the pilot light on. The zealots stayed as the custodians -- with two minders and a medical officer. And here we are.

RIPLEY

How did you get this wonderful assignment?

CLEMENS

I know you'll find this hard to believe, but it's actually much nicer than my previous posting.

He gestures...

CLEMENS

How do you like your hair cut?

RIPLEY

(rubs her head)

Weird.

CLEMENS

Now that I've gone out on the limb for you with Andrews, damaging my already less than perfect relationship with that good man, and briefed you on the hum-drum history of FURY 161, how about you telling me what were you looking for in the girl? And why was it necessary to cremate the bodies?

Pause.

RIPLEY

Are you interested in me?

CLEMENS

In what way?

RIPLEY

In that way.

CLEMENS

You are rather direct.

RIPLEY

Yes. I've been out here a long time.

CLEMENS

Yes. So have I.

He swirls his drink -- looks at her.

## 45 INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

45

An enormous fan with razor sharp blades is going full bore...  
Fills the air-duct with warm air and soot.  
Murphy is cleaning the passageway, chipping away carbon deposits, scrubbing down the walls.  
He whistles as he works, doesn't like the job much...  
Stopping, Murphy spots something in the dark of the air-duct.  
Kneeling, he checks it out.  
Looks like a reptile's skin.  
Holding his broom, he stretches it out.  
Approximately the size of a small deer...  
Weird.  
He starts whistling again - hears something in the darkness to his left.  
Stopping, he sees a recessed storage area built into the wall of the air-duct...  
A gurgling sound is coming from inside.  
Curious, Murphy moves closer.  
Stopping before the recessed area, Murphy peers inside.

## THE ALIEN

still fawn-like, but growing...  
Murphy is rooted to the spot.  
Time stops for a second.  
Suddenly, the creature --

## SPITS ACID

in Murphy's eyes.  
Clawing at his face, flesh peeling away from his cheeks,  
Murphy reels backwards.  
Smoke pours through his fingers.  
Screaming, he slams into a wall and staggers backwards into--

## THE FAN

which rips him to pieces.  
In the blink of an eye, the walls of the Air-duct are splattered with his remains...  
The fan CLANGS to a ringing stop as Murphy's skull fouls the blade.

## 46 INT. CLEMENS' QUARTERS

46

Ripley lies under the sheets on a small cot.  
Clemens, across the way, lights a cigarette and pours himself another small whisky...

CLEMENS

Like a drink?

46 CONT.

46 CONT.

RIPLEY

Sure. Pour me one.

He does.

Clemens' back now turned, without his cowl for the first time -- Ripley can see clearly etched into the back of his head a bar code.

CLEMENS

I am deeply appreciative of your attentions but I realize they deflected my question. In the best possible way of course...

He hands her a glass.

RIPLEY

You're spoiling the mood?

CLEMENS

One does have a job to do. I'd like to know why you were so insistent on having the bodies cremated.

RIPLEY

I get it -- now that I'm in your cot, you think I owe you an answer.

CLEMENS

No, you owe me an answer and being in my bed has nothing to do with it.

RIPLEY

In hyper-sleep I had a bad dream...I don't want to discuss it. I just had to be sure what killed her -- I made a mistake...

CLEMENS

Yes, possibly.

RIPLEY

Maybe I made another mistake.

CLEMENS

How's that?

RIPLEY

Fratemizing with the prisoners. Physical contact. That's against the rules, isn't it?

CLEMENS

Definitely. Who was the lucky fellow?

RIPLEY

You, dummy.

46 CONT.

46 CONT.

CLEMENS

What makes you think I'm a prisoner?

RIPLEY

The bar code on the back of your head.

CLEMENS

I suppose that does demand an explanation. But I don't think this is the moment. Sorry -- we are rather spoiling things, aren't we?

Buzz.  
Intercom.

AARON (V.O.)

Clemens.

Clemens moves to the speaker...

CLEMENS

Yes, Mr. Aaron.

AARON (V.O.)

Andrews wants you to report to Ventshaft Seventeen on the Second Quadrant. A.S.A.P. We've had an accident.

CLEMENS

Something serious?

AARON (V.O.)

Yeah. You could call it that. One of the prisoners got diced.

Click.

Clemens turns back to Ripley --

CLEMENS

I'm sorry...I have to go. Official duties.

RIPLEY

Maybe I should come.

CLEMENS

Best not to -- I don't think your presence will be appreciated by Superintendent Andrews. I'll be back.

As he turns away...

RIPLEY

Not looking very happy.



47

## INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

47

Kneeling on the floor, Clemens examines the remains of Murphy.

Prisoner JUDE is mopping up.

Dillon, Gregor and Junior stand to one side.

There is precious little to look at.

The fan's been shut down.

Andrews and Aaron look on grimly.

AARON

He was a flake...I gave him the assignment.

ANDREWS

No apologies, Mr. Aaron. It wasn't your fault.

Clemens glances up at Andrews:

CLEMENS

Not really much to say, is there?  
Death was instantaneous.

AARON

No shit.

ANDREWS

I take it he was pulled into the fan?

CLEMENS

A sudden rush of air I would imagine, except...

AARON

Right...almost happened to me once...four years ago...I always tell people...keep an eye out for the fans. Nobody listens.

CLEMENS

Except the fan was blowing.

Clemens stands, studying the inside of the air-duct.

Moving closer to the recess in the wall, he notices it for the first time. Slowly, he looks inside.

Empty.

There's something running down the wall.

Something appears to have been spilled over the edge of the recess.

ANDREWS

What's that?

CLEMENS

I really don't know...

Andrews pins Clemens with his gaze.  
Clemens look away.

47 CONT.

47 CONT.

Instantly, Andrews is suspicious...

ANDREWS

I want to see you in my quarters in  
say...thirty minutes. If you please, Mr.  
Clemens.

He shepherds the others out of the air-duct.  
Alone, Clemens considers the grizzly scene before him...  
Returns his attention to the corrosive burn.

48 INT. E.E.V. - CONE OF SILENCE

48

Ripley rummages through the cramped space, moving debris,  
looking for something.  
Beneath some smashed and decimated equipment, secured within  
the bulkhead, she finds what she's after.  
Above a seal on the wall in bold letters, she reads:

FLIGHT RECORDER  
DO NOT BREAK SEAL

Wiping sweat from her eyes, she breaks the seal on the  
container.  
A modular black box appears from beneath the seal.  
She pries open a plate on the black surface and presses a button.  
She can see pulses on a meter in the box's face.  
Flight recorder still operational.  
Shutting it off, she puts it on the floor beside her.  
She studies the carnage in the cramped confines...  
Clemens appears, peering through the hole in the bulkhead:

CLEMENS

You know, wandering about without  
an escort is really going to piss  
Superintendent Andrews off...

RIPLEY

What about the accident?

CLEMENS

Very bad. One of the prisoners has  
been killed.

RIPLEY

How?

CLEMENS

Airshaft. Poor silly bastard backed  
into a six foot fan.

Pause.

48 CONT.

CLEMENS

I found something at the accident site -  
- just a bit away from where it  
happened -- A mark, a burn...much  
like the one you found on the girl's  
cryotube.

Ripley just stares at him.

CLEMENS

I'm on your side. I want to help. But  
I'd like to know what's going on, or at  
least what you think is going on.

RIPLEY

(re: box)

I'm going to find out what happened  
here in the E.E.V., why we came  
down. If you really want to be  
helpful, find me a computer with audio  
capabilities so I can access this flight  
recorder.

CLEMENS

We don't have anything like that here.

RIPLEY

What about Bishop?

CLEMENS

Bishop?

RIPLEY

The droid that crashed with me.

CLEMENS

I'll point you in the proper direction.  
I'm afraid I can't join you. I have an  
appointment.

49 INT. CANDLE STORE-ROOM

49

Prisoner LAWRENCE is helping Golic, Boggs and Rains load  
candles into over-sized backpacks.  
They are preparing to explore and forage among the abandoned  
mine shafts beneath the planet's surface.

LAWRENCE

There you are -- this'll top you off.  
Golic, don't fidget about. What's all  
this damn food you've got in here --  
it's not properly wrapped.

Golic is stuffing food in his mouth.

49 CONT.

49 CONT.

BOGGS

What the hell does he ever do right?

RAINS

Eat. He's got that down pretty good.

Dillon, Gregor and Junior appear in the doorway.

DILLON

Golic?

GOLIC

Yeah?

DILLON

Light a candle for Murphy, will you?

GOLIC

I'll light a thousand...

Golic and his two companions move off...

50 INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

50

Clemens and Andrews seated across from each other at a small wooden table.

Andrews slowly pours tea.

Andrews orders Aaron out of the room.

ANDREWS

Sugar?

CLEMENS

Thank you.

ANDREWS

Milk?

CLEMENS

Yes, please.

Andrews suddenly explodes:

ANDREWS

Listen to me, you piece of shit. You screw with me one more time and I'll cut you in half.

Clemens remains very calm...

CLEMENS

I'm not sure I understand.

50 CONT.

50 CONT.

ANDREWS

At 0-seven-hundred hours, I received word from the network. I may point out this is the first high-level communication this installation has ever received to my knowledge. They want this woman looked after. They made it very clear --they consider her to be very high priority.

CLEMENS

Why?

ANDREWS

I have no idea -- Why'd you let her out of the infirmary? This accident with Murphy is what happens when one of these dumb sons-of-bitches walks around with a hard-on.

CLEMENS

I'm a doctor. Not a jailer.

ANDREWS

Don't hand me that. We both know exactly what you are...

Getting up, Clemens heads for the door.  
Andrews pounds his fist on the desk:

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Sit down!

CLEMENS

I think it might be better if I left. I find you very unpleasant to be around.

ANDREWS

You do? Isn't that lovely. Consider this, Mr. Clemens. How would you like me to have you exposed? Perhaps you'd like me to explain your sordid history to your new friend, Lieutenant Ripley? For her personal edification, of course...

(beat)

Now sit the hell down.

Clemens returns to his chair.

ANDREWS

I don't like you. You're unpredictable, insolent, possibly dangerous. You question everything and spend too much time alone. Always a bad sign.

(beat)

50 CONT.

50 CONT.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

If I didn't need a medical officer, I wouldn't let you within light years of this operation.

CLEMENS

I'm very grateful.

ANDREWS

Keep your sarcasms to yourself. Now, is there anything I should know?

CLEMENS

About what?

ANDREWS

About the woman. Don't play with me, Mr. Clemens. You spend every second you can with her. And I have my suspicions that not all of your concerns with her are medical...Has she said anything to you? Anything about where she's from? What her mission is? What the hell she was doing in an E.E.V.?

CLEMENS

She told me she was part of a combat team that came to grief. I assume beyond that it's all classified. I haven't pressed her for more.

ANDREWS

That's all.

CLEMENS

Yes.

ANDREWS

Nothing more?

CLEMENS

No.

ANDREWS

You're sure?

CLEMENS

Very sure.

Seething, Andrews studies his hands.  
There's obviously something Clemens is not telling him.

ANDREWS

Get out of here.

Clemens rises, heads for the door.

50 CONT.

50 CONT.

ANDREWS

You and I find safety in the daily routine here. I'm not going to let it be inter-rupted. I'm not going to allow the animals to become agitated. Not by a woman. Not by accidents. Not by you.

CLEMENS

Whatever you say.

ANDREWS

Your loyalties are to this operation. And to your employer. Not to strangers. She will be gone someday and we will still be here. Do you understand?

CLEMENS

Yes. Your point is quite clear.

ANDREWS

I don't want trouble with our employers. I don't want trouble of any kind. So you keep an eye on the Lieutenant. Right?

CLEMENS

Right.

ANDREWS

Goodnight, Mr. Clemens.

Clemens leaves.

51

EXT./INT. OPEN CYLINDER - GARBAGE DUMP -  
NIGHT

51

As the wind shrieks...  
A gigantic pit stands open to the roaring sky.  
It's piled high with everything the prisoners have discarded.  
Standing on a mountain of rusted engines, pneumatic drills and other equipment --

RIPLEY

rummaging through miles of wires, tubing and parts.  
The wind tears her eyes.  
Stopping for a second, she sees...

A HAND

sticking out of a pile of some wiring.

51 CONT.

51 CONT.

Realizing what she's looking at, she starts digging through the refuse at speed.  
Finally, she unearths the remains of --

BISHOP

The Android.  
He's a shambles.  
Most of his face and lower jaw are gone.  
Parts of his neck, left shoulder and back are intact.  
At the rear of his mouth is a small speaker.  
Grabbing some wire, Ripley starts stuffing them into a bag.

(NOTE: The following attackers are: Junior, Gregor, Martin and William.)

An arm suddenly comes from behind and grabs her around the neck.

Another arm grabs her shoulders.

Another arm starts to fondle her private parts.

As she struggles...

TWO PRISONERS appear, start to advance on her.

Ripley breaks free of the arms...

Punches one man.

Kicks the other in the balls.

But...

An even LARGER PRISONER appears.

It's Junior.

He reaches down, grabs a metal bar from the junk pile.

Two other prisoners appear just behind him.

The two Ripley knocked down start to get to their feet.

Dillon suddenly materialises from the dark.

Smacks the two prisoners in back.

Junior turns -- tries to belt Dillon -- Dillon gut punches him, twists the metal bar away, then cracks him twice over the head with it -- the second blow dropping him.

DILLON

You! How could you do this thing!

Kicks him.

JUNIOR

No!

DILLON

(to the other  
prisoners)

You will not fornicate! You will not  
rape! You will live up to your vow!  
You are too close to heaven to turn  
around!

He hits one of them.

DILLON

I'm not going to let it happen!



51 CONT.

51 CONT.

Hits another one.

DILLON

You are too close to heaven to turn  
around now!

The prisoners cower.

DILLON

Speak!

Junior croaks...

JUNIOR

The woman. We needed...

Dillon blasts him over the head with the club.  
Leans close.

DILLON

You have been closer to me and my  
teaching than anyone here. How could  
you do this thing.

JUNIOR

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Dillon hits him twice again -- Looks at Ripley

DILLON

You have been closer to me and my  
teaching than anyone here. How could  
you do this thing.

Junior begins to cry.  
Looks at Ripley.

DILLON

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah. Nothing hurt but my feelings.

DILLON

Take off. I've got to re-educate some  
of the brothers. We're gonna discuss  
some matters of the spirit.

She picks up the bag with Bishop's parts and starts to go.  
Passes one of the prisoners.  
Stops.  
Looks him in the eye.  
A long moment.  
Then she punches him in the mouth.

52 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY

52

Deep within the unexplored vastness of the complex.  
It's black as night.  
Illuminated by the light of his torch --  
Golic eyeballs a sign on the wall in front of him.  
Behind him, Rains lights a candle.  
Kneeling, he places it in a row that seems to crawl away forever  
into the dark.  
The flickering light reveals a hallway.  
A very long hallway.  
The sign on the wall above Golic reads:

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

Boggs glances back at Rains.  
Kneeling, he studies a map at his feet.  
When he speaks, his voice echoes and re-echoes off the concrete  
walls.

BOGGS

How many?

RAINS

(checking notes)

This makes a hundred and eighty-six.

Golic shoves some food in his mouth and chews, noisily.  
It's a big sound in the awesome, flickering silence.  
Irritated, Boggs turns on him.

BOGGS

Can't you chew with your mouth  
closed? I'm trying to figure how big  
this compartment is. I can't think with  
all the Goddamn noise you're making.

RAINS

You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS

Sorry..

Golic swallows.

BOGGS

Now...we've circled this entire  
compartment once.

(turning)

How many candles, again?

Boggs doesn't get an answer.  
He glances sideways at Rains.  
Rains is scratching himself furiously.  
Stares fixedly down the row of flickering candles.  
Golic follows his line of sight.  
Something very bizarre is happening .

52 CONT.

52 CONT.

Every few seconds, one of the candles goes out.

BOGGS  
What the shit is doing that?

GOLIC  
You're not supposed to swear.

BOGGS  
Shut up. It's okay to say shit. It's not against God.

RAINS  
What the hell is going on with the candles?

The three prisoners hold their torches high in the air.  
Try to see what's going on.  
No deal.

Whatever's snuffing out the candles is too far away to be illuminated by the torches.

BOGGS  
Must be a wind from one of the ventshafts -- backwash from the closest circulating unit. If all the candles go out, how're we going to know where we are?

RAINS  
Somebody will have to go back and re-light 'em...

(beat)  
I guess I'm nominated..

BOGGS  
(turning)  
Give him your torch.

Golic hands Rains his torch.  
Rains moves down the line of candles.  
His companions receding in the distance.  
His footsteps echo inside the hallway.  
Behind him, he hears Boggs:

BOGGS  
Watch your step.

The words echo and reverberate within the enclosed space.  
Moving forward, Rains starts to sweat.  
Ahead, another candle goes out.  
Golic and Boggs are a long ways behind him, now .  
Only three more candles to go.  
Beyond, there's nothing but a black hole.  
Stopping at the last flickering candle, he raises his torch high in the air.

52 CONT.

There's nothing there.  
 Relieved, he starts to relax.  
 Then he realizes there's a massive glob of blackness off to his right.  
 It's not reflecting the light from his torch.  
 And it's moving.  
 It's moving very fast.

## THE ALIEN

rises up, directly in front of Rains.  
 Now a fully mature creature.  
 It moves with the speed of a big cat...  
 In one blurred motion, it is upon him.  
 Tears open his chest -- leaves a gaping hole in his abdomen.  
 The last thing Rains hears is his own scream.

## INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - GOLIC - BOGGS

Three hundred yards behind, they'd hear Rains' agonized cry and watch the torch flicker out.  
 Suddenly panicking, Boggs grabs the torch and takes off in the opposite direction.  
 Golic charges after him.  
 Rounding corners, charging through the blackness...  
 A maze of ink-black passageways.  
 Footsteps reverberate.  
 Finally catching Boggs, Golic takes back the torch.  
 Both men are exhausted, completely lost.  
 Out of breath, unable to speak...  
 Trying to collect himself, Golic stares around.  
 Ahead, he see candles flickering in the dark.

## BOGGS

We ran in a circle. We're back...

Lighting the torch, he peers around in the dark.  
 Lambent light illuminates something horrible.  
 Leaning against the wall, covered with blood --

## RAINS

stares blankly at nothing, a look of abject terror frozen forever on his face.  
 Boggs starts to get sick.  
 He never finishes.  
 Glancing up on the ceiling, Golic sees --

## THE ALIEN

crawling across the ceiling like a spider.  
 At the speed of thought, it leans down and rips off Boggs' head.  
 Blood flies everywhere, spattering Golic in the face.  
 His tunic drenched...

52 CONT.

52 CONT.

52 CONT.

Paralyzed with fear, Golic watches the Alien hurl Boggs' helpless body against the wall.  
Still hanging from the ceiling, it stops what it's doing and turns to Golic.  
Watching the thing, Golic wigs out.  
From this moment on, he will be forever bent.  
Screaming like a banshee, torch in hand, he runs away into the echoing dark...

53

INT. INFIRMARY

53

Alone, Ripley studies the remains of Bishop.  
There's a battery pack in his left shoulder.  
She checks the connections.  
A spark sizzles.  
Using a cable, she connects a terminal in Bishop's smashed thorax to the black flight recorder.  
Instantly, Bishop's one eye blinks.  
A garbled sound comes out of the small speaker at the back of his mouth.  
Shoving her hand into his throat, she gives him an adjustment.  
Bishop's voice suddenly becomes audible.  
As he speaks, his eye wanders...

BISHOP

Ripley.

RIPLEY

Hello, Bishop. Can you feel anything?

BISHOP

Yes. My legs hurt.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry that --

BISHOP

It's okay. I'm just a glorified toaster --  
How are you? I like your new haircut...

RIPLEY

Can you access the data on the flight recorder?

BISHOP

No problem.

She plugs the black box into a connection, wires it to his head.  
Bishop's one good eye opens and closes.  
What remains of his forehead wrinkles in concentration.

BISHOP

I'm home.

53 CONT.

53 CONT.

RIPLEY

What happened on the Sulaco? Why  
were the cryo-tubes ejected?

Seconds pass.

Then, the sound of the female voice heard aboard the Sulaco just  
prior to separation, comes out of Bishop's voice box.

FEMALE VOICE (OS )

Fire in cryogenic compartment.  
Repeat. Fire in cryogenic compart-  
ment, All personnel report to --

RIPLEY

What started the fire, Bishop?  
(no response)  
Can you hear me?

BISHOP

The fire was electrical. It was in the  
subflooring...

RIPLEY

Did sensors detect any moving life  
form on the ship prior to separation?

BISHOP

It's very dark here, Ripley. I'm not  
what I used to be.

RIPLEY

Just tell me - does the recorder indicate  
anything? Was there an Alien on  
board?

An eternity.

Ripley waits.

Bishop's eye rolls around in his head, focusing on God knows  
what.

BISHOP

Yes .

RIPLEY

Is it still on the Sulaco or did it come  
with us on the EEV?

BISHOP

It was with us all the way.

RIPLEY

Does the company know?



53 CONT.

53 CONT.

BISHOP

The company knows everything that happened on the ship. It all goes into the computer and gets sent back to the network.

RIPLEY

And they want it?

BISHOP

I don't know. I'm not feeling very well.

BISHOP

I wish I could help you but I'm really not good for much.

RIPLEY

Look -- maybe if I ever get out of here, they can wire you up again.

BISHOP

No. I'm tired. Do me a favor. Just disconnect. I can be re-worked but I'll never be top of the line again. I'd rather be nothing.

RIPLEY

You're sure?

BISHOP

Do it for me, Ripley.

She pulls the wires.  
Bishop's head rolls onto its side...

54 INT. MESS HALL

54

Golic seated, alone, eating Rice Krispies from a bowl.  
Battered, blood-smeared.  
Quite mad.  
Eric the Cook enters --  
Startled at the sight of Golic, he drops a load of plates.

ERIC

Golic?

Over Golic's shoulder, we see Dillon, Andrews, Aaron, Morse and Arthur enter the Mess Hall.

55 OMITTED

55

55A INT. INFIRMARY

55A

Ripley sits alone in the back of the Infirmary.  
She watches as Dillon, Andrews, Aaron, Morse, Arthur and Clemens enter with Golic in a strait-jacket.

55A CONT.

55A CONT.

They tie him down to a bed.  
Still covered in blood and gore.  
Clemens tries to attend to him...

GOLIC

The dragon did it. You pious assholes  
are all gonna die. Slaughtered like  
pigs. The beast has risen. It feeds on  
flesh. Nobody can stop it.

DILLON

What about Boggs and Rains?

GOLIC

I didn't do it. Slaughtered. It wasn't  
me.

ANDREWS

Stark raving mad. I'm not saying it  
was anyone's fault, but he should have  
been chained up.

AARON

You called it, sir. Mad as a fuckin'  
hatter.

ANDREWS

Keep him separated from the rest, I  
don't want him causing a panic.  
Clemens, sedate this poor idiot.

DILLON

Not until we know about the  
brothers...

(turns to Golic)

Now pull yourself together, man, talk  
to me. Where are the brothers?

GOLIC

I didn't do it!

ANDREWS

Hopeless. You're not going to get  
anything out of him... We'll have to  
send out a search team. I'm afraid we  
have to assume that there is a very  
good chance this simple bastard has  
murdered them.

DILLON

You don't know that. He's never lied  
to me. He's crazy. He's a fool. But  
he's not a liar.



55A CONT.

55A CONT.

ANDREWS

Yes. That was a brilliant and penetrating analysis of Mr. Golic's personality. It unfortunately omits the fact that he is a convicted multiple murderer.

Ripley walks up to the group from the shadows.  
All eyes turn to her.

RIPLEY

There's a good chance he's telling the truth.

ANDREWS

Don't be absurd, Lieutenant.

RIPLEY

I'm going to tell you what happened. You're not going to believe me, but I'm going to tell you what happened.

ANDREWS

Really? I suppose we should have a chat. I'm sure your ideas will be of great interest.

(to Dillon)

I appreciate your concern for the missing prisoners.

DILLON

I want to hear what she's got to say.

ANDREWS

Sorry. This is a staff matter.

RIPLEY

I don't mind if he hears it. Everyone ought to hear me.

ANDREWS

(to Clemens)

Mr. Clemens, see to your duties. Then report to my quarters.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(to Ripley)

Lieutenant. Come with me, please.

56 INT. ANDREWS QUARTERS

56

Andrews and Ripley.  
Andrews leans very close to Ripley's face.

56 CONT.

56 CONT.

ANDREWS

Let me see if I have this correct, Lieutenant. It's an eight foot insect of some kind with acid for blood and it arrived on your spaceship. It kills on sight and is generally unpleasant. And, of course, you expect me to accept all this on your word.

RIPLEY

No. I don't expect anything. I've met a lot of people like you before.

ANDREWS

I'll ignore that. Tell me, Lieutenant, what would you suggest we do?

RIPLEY

What kind of weapons have you got?

ANDREWS

This is a prison. It is not a good idea to allow prisoners access to firearms.

RIPLEY

So no weapons of any kind?

ANDREWS

Some carving knives in the Abattoir, a few more in the mess hall. Some -- fire axes scattered about -- nothing terribly formidable.

RIPLEY

That's it?

ANDREWS

Sorry. We're on the honor system.

RIPLEY

Then we're fucked.

ANDREWS

No. You're fucked. Confined to the infirmary. Quarantined. I think you'll be safe from any large nasty beasts while you're there. Right? Yes, that's a good girl.

57 INT. INFIRMARY

57

Ripley sits on a cot. (NOTE: Prisoner Kevin will enter this scene at some point.)

57 CONT.

57 CONT.

RIPLEY

Isn't there any way off here? Some damn way to escape?

CLEMENS

It's a prison. No way out. A supply ship comes once every six months.

RIPLEY

That's it?

CLEMENS

They are sending a ship to pick you up and investigate the whole mess. Quite soon, I gather.

RIPLEY

Really? What's soon?

CLEMENS

I don't know. No one's ever been in a hurry to get here before.

RIPLEY

Yeah.

Golic stands across the way in a corner, staring at the wall. He's gone catatonic. He's wearing a primitive looking straightjacket.

CLEMENS

How do you feel?

RIPLEY

Not so hot. Sick to my stomach.

CLEMENS

Shock. Not unexpected, given the circumstances.

Clemens fills a syringe...

CLEMENS

I'd best give you another cocktail.

GOLIC

(mumbling)

It all starts with the sun. It starts with the light. It all comes out of the sun. It all ends with the sun...

CLEMENS

That's quite profound. Thank you, Golic.

Studying her face, he injects her with the syringe. In his straightjacket, Golic stares at nothing. Turning, he grins at Ripley. She looks away.

57 CONT.

57 CONT.

GOLIC  
Are you married?

RIPLEY  
Me?

GOLIC  
You should get married. Have  
kids...pretty girl. I know lots of 'em.  
Back home. They always liked me.  
You're gonna die too.

He begins to whistle.

CLEMENS  
Are you?

RIPLEY  
What?

CLEMENS  
Married?

RIPLEY  
Why?

CLEMENS  
Just curious.

RIPLEY  
No.

Pause.

RIPLEY  
Do you think I'm crazy?

CLEMENS  
About The Beast? I wouldn't say  
crazy. But I think you're over-stressed  
after the crash.

Golic mumbles something incoherently.

RIPLEY  
You're wrong - and my stomach hurts.

A moment -- then, turning to Clemens...

RIPLEY  
How about leveling with me?

CLEMENS  
Could you be a little more specific?

57 CONT.

57 CONT.

RIPLEY

When I asked you how you got assigned here, you avoided the question. When I asked you about the prison i.d. tattoo on the back of your head, you ducked me again...

CLEMENS

It's a long sad story. Lots of melodrama.

RIPLEY

Entertain me.

CLEMENS

If you insist...after my student years, despite the fact that I had secretly become addicted to Morphine, I was considered most promising. A man with a future. While I was on my first residency, I did a 36-hour stretch in an E.R., went out, got more than slightly drunk, then got called back to duty after a boiler had blown on a fuel station. Thirty patients. Eleven of them died when I prescribed the wrong dosage of pain killer. I got seven years in prison and my license reduced to a 3-C. While in prison I kicked my habit. And here I am.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry.

CLEMENS

About what happened? Yes, so am I. I'm sure that the eleven people I killed had promising careers as well. About the prison sentence, no, I deserved it...

Golic continues to mumble.

Ripley lies back on the cot.

Clemens moves next to her, dabbing her forehead with a wet towel.

CLEMENS

Are you all right? You don't look well.

RIPLEY

Stomach ache --

Buzz. Intercom:

AARON'S VOICE

Let's all report to the Mess Hall. Mr. Andrews wants a meeting. Mess Hall, right away, gang...

57 CONT.

57 CONT.

The ALIEN suddenly drops down from the ceiling behind Clemens -  
 Rises to its full height -- over eight feet --  
 Big, black, shiny-smooth head moves into the light.  
 It moves towards her, cable-like arms held out at its side --  
 moving out of sync with its feet -- Ripley tries to move, to cry out -- she can't.  
 The Alien moves up right behind Clemens -- he should feel its breath on his neck but he doesn't -- he doesn't turn -- the Alien tears his head off --

Ripley can't scream.  
 Diaphragm pushes air out -- but no sound.  
 The Alien moves closer to her.  
 She can feel his breath --  
 it evaporates the sweat on her forehead --  
 a chill runs through her but she still can't move --  
 The Alien stands alongside her bed.

GOLIC

Hey, you. Get over here. Lemme loose. I can help you. We can kill all these assholes.

The beast turns and looks at Golic, looks back at Ripley --  
 Pulls itself back up into the overhead airshaft and is gone.

RIPLEY

Mouth agape.  
 Scared shitless.

58 INT. MESS HALL

58

Andrews stands before the assembled prisoners,  
 Aaron seated nearby...  
 Dillon at the center --

DILLON

All rise, all pray. Blessed is the Lord.

The prisoners rise.  
 Strike a reverent attitude.

DILLON

Give us the strength, Oh Lord, to endure until the day. Amen.

The prisoners all raise their right fist...

DILLON

I have lost one of my faithful. I have lost the one closest to me. Deep shame fills my soul.

58 CONT.

58 CONT.

JUNIOR

Lowers his glance as Dillon's eyes cut right through him.

ANDREWS

begins after ceremoniously clearing his throat.

ANDREWS

All right, once again this is rumor control. Here are the facts. At 0-four-hundred hours, prisoner Murphy, through carelessness on his part, was found dead in vent shaft seventeen. From the evidence gathered on the spot, he seems to have been caught by a strong air draft and got blown into the ventilator fan...

He moves around the large room.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

At 0-four-hundred hours, Prisoners Boggs, Rains and Golic left on a routine foraging mission into the underground network -- at about 0-seven hundred hours, prisoner Golic re-appeared in a deranged state. Prisoners Boggs and Rains are missing. Unfortunately, there seems to be a good chance that they have met with foul play at the hands of prisoner Golic. We need to organize and send out a search party. Volunteers will be appreciated.

Stops under the air vent, near the doorway to the kitchen.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I think it's fair to say that our smoothly running facility has suddenly developed a few problems. I can only hope that we are able to all pull together in the next few days, until the rescue team arrives for Lieutenant Ripley...

Suddenly: a door slam -- Ripley enters, Kevin trailing her.

RIPLEY

It's here! It got Clemens!

ANDREWS

Stop this raving at once! Stop it!

58 CONT.

58 CONT.

RIPLEY  
I'm telling you, it's here!

The lights dim.  
Prisoner confusion.  
What the shit is going on here?  
A sound from above --  
Puzzled, Andrews looks up.  
Only to be snatched away by the beast.  
Both gone.  
Boom!  
Like that.

59 RIPLEY

59

As the Alien pulls Andrews' still kicking body up into an airshaft.

60 MESS HALL

60

Complete, utter silence from the assemblage.  
Dillon rises -- then kneels...  
Begins to pray.

DILLON  
We give you thanks, Oh Lord, your  
wrath has come and the time is near  
that we be judged.

61 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

61

Prisoners David and Martin in the back...

DAVID  
It was big. I mean big. And fast.

MARTIN  
I saw it, asshole. I was there.

DAVID  
Yeah. But I mean it was big...

Aaron, Dillon, Morse, Prisoners Frank, Troy, William, Gregor,  
Junior, Lawrence, Jude, Christopher, Arthur, Kevin, Janni,  
Eric, Vincent and Ed...

AARON  
According to her, it's some kind of  
parasite. It goes through stages, lives  
off its host until it can move around by  
itself.

DILLON  
What do you mean host?



61 CONT.

61 CONT.

AARON

People.

MORSE

Great. How do we stop it?

Ripley sits off by herself, smoking a cigarette.

AARON

Off what she says, without state-of-the-art weaponry, you can't.

MORSE

Shit. Why didn't she give us some kind of warning? This sucks. We don't even have a fuckin' medic now.

DILLON

Hey man, would you have believed her?

MORSE

She still should have --

DILLON

Shut up.

MORSE

Well, okay -- I guess we're just supposed to stand around and let the goddamn thing slaughter us.

Ripley stands, moves to the group.

RIPLEY

It's afraid of fire. Not much else...Can we seal off this area?

AARON

No chance. The installation is two miles square. There's six hundred air-ducts running to the surface.

RIPLEY

What about video -- try to find it that way. I see monitors everywhere.

AARON

Video system hasn't worked in years. Nothin' much works here. We got a lot of technology, but no way to fix it.

61 CONT.

Prisoner Morse walks up to Ripley.

MORSE

What the hell are we talkin' to her for?  
She's the one that brought the fucker.  
Let's run her head through the wall.

RIPLEY

Sounds good to me.

Dillon walks over to Morse.

DILLON

I told you before. I won't say it again.  
Keep your mouth shut.

Morse decides to keep quiet.

AARON

What do we do now?

All eyes on Ripley.

62

INT. FILE ROOM

62

A large dingy room.  
Bulging file cabinets.  
Battered desks.  
Dog-eaten wall calendars of naked women.

AARON

Pulls open a drawer.  
Lifts out a schematic map and spreads it out on one of the  
beaten-up desk tops.

AARON

Here's the layout of the whole place...I  
told you, it's big.

RIPLEY

Staring down at the map.

RIPLEY

It'll nest in one of the passageways or  
airshafts.

Pause.

As she studies the map --

RIPLEY

What's this?

AARON

That connects the infirmary and the  
mess hall.

62 CONT.

62 CONT.

RIPLEY

Maybe we can go in, flush it out.

AARON

Running around down there in the dark? You got to be kiddin'.

RIPLEY

Don't we have any flashlights?

AARON

Yeah, 6,000 of them. But no batteries. I told ya, nothin' works.

RIPLEY

How about torches? Do we have capacity to make fire? Most humans have enjoyed that privilege since the stone age.

AARON

No need to get sarcastic. We're all on the same side here. We got torches here - plenty of them. We use them all the time.

RIPLEY

It'll retreat before fire - we have anything flammable?

AARON

That we got.

63

INT. STORAGE AREA - NEAR CONE OF SILENCE

63

A door opens, light breaks over metal drums -- Ripley, Aaron and Prisoner David appear.

AARON

I don't know what this shit's called.

DAVID

Quinitricetyline. I saw a drum of it fall into a beachhead bunker once, blast put a tug in dry dock for seventeen weeks...it was great.

AARON

They take their sweet time, but they've been moving it off this rock. This is the last of it.

DAVID

Nice to know.

RIPLEY

We need some manpower to get this stuff out of here.

64 INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 64

Engulfed in an echoing sea of blackness, Ripley, Dillon,  
Aaron...  
They hold torches, stand before a familiar sign on the wall.

TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL  
THIS SPACE HERMETICALLY SEALED

AARON

Never been used. They were gonna  
dump a lot of nuclear crap in there --  
store it in drums. They never got  
around to it, it's clean as a whistle in  
there.

A huge door leads into the disposal...

RIPLEY

(re: door)

This is the only way in or out?

AARON

That's right.

RIPLEY

Walls six feet thick?

AARON

Solid steel.

RIPLEY

Let's get this right -- you get  
something in there and close the door,  
no way it can get out?

AARON

Right. No fuckin' way.

Ripley glances down at the map.

RIPLEY

If we can burn it down these  
passageways, close them off one at a  
time, we might get it inside...

AARON

Bull shit. It could be anywhere.  
There's miles of black out there.

RIPLEY

It'll find us.

Ripley moves to the enormous door...  
Breaks the seal on a control box and pushes a button.

64 CONT.

64 CONT.

## THE GIANT DOOR

slides open with amazing speed.  
Ripley, Dillon and Aaron stare through the door.  
Empty chamber within...

DILLON

You're sayin' we got a shot to beat it?

RIPLEY

Not much. But if we don't do anything, it reproduces. We'll have fifty of them, then six hundred... We're all dead if we just stand here with our thumb up our hiney.

DILLON

Wait long enough and we're all dead anyway. And we're not exactly giving up the garden of paradise here.

(NOTE: THE STAGING OF THE BURN AND BAG SEQUENCE WILL BE FULLY ADDED TO THE TEXT AS STORYBOARD INFORMATION BECOMES AVAILABLE. IN ESSENCE: PRISONERS PAINT SHAFTS WITH NAPALM, LIGHT IT, WHICH FORCES THE XENOMORPH INTO LARGER CORRIDORS -- WHICH ARE ALSO TORCHED FORCING THE BEAST INTO THE TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL WHERE IT IS TRAPPED BEHIND THE STEEL DOORS. SEVERAL PRISONERS ARE KILLED IN THIS PROCESS.)

65 INT. STORAGE ROOM

65

Troy and Arthur rooting through a barrel of batteries -- testing them with an electric device.  
A huge discard pile...

TROY

Goddamn it, one fucking battery in two thousand works.

ARTHUR

Hey, it could be worse you know -- we mighta got the paint brush detail.

He tries a flashlight.  
The beam snaps on.

66 AIR-DUCTS - PRISONERS

66

Frank, Martin, Kevin, Vincent and Gregor crawling into the air-ducts.

66 CONT.

66 CONT.

Paint brushes in their hands.  
Eric finds a vent-screen intact -- signs of the Creature.  
Just as they thought, the Beast is within.

67 KEVIN AND GREGOR

67

crawling, painting the interior surfaces of the air-ducts with  
quinitricetyline, carrying flares in their mouths.

KEVIN  
This shit smells awful.

GREGOR  
Don't breathe it.

KEVIN  
Why not?

GREGOR  
Fuckin' fumes.

KEVIN  
I'm in a fuckin' pipe with it -- how can  
I keep from breathing it?

GREGOR  
I mean, don't breathe too hard -- you'll  
get high.

KEVIN  
Sounds good to me.

Crawling backwards, pouring the viscous, oily junk.

68 PASSAGEWAYS BENEATH AIR DUCTS

68

Prisoners cut off the Toxic Waste Dump from the rest of the  
world (Troy, William, Junior, Lawrence, Jude, Christopher,  
Arthur, Janni, Ed, and David.)

69 OTHER PRISONERS --

69

Pour out buckets of junk, spreading the puddles with brooms...

70 DILLON AND RIPLEY

70

DILLON  
You miss the doc, right?

RIPLEY  
I didn't know him very well.

DILLON  
I thought you two got real close.

70 CONT.

70 CONT.

RIPLEY

I guess you've been looking through  
some keyholes.

DILLON

(smile)

That's what I thought.

Unexpectedly, she is hammered by a tidal wave of nausea.  
It rolls up through her body, grabbing her by the throat and  
shaking her to the core.  
Leaning on the wall, she gags and coughs at the same time.  
Dillon moves to her side.  
Fighting for air, she shoves him away.

DILLON

You okay?

RIPLEY

Yeah.

Sweating profusely, she looks away.

DILLON

You don't look okay to me, Lieutenant.

71 VERTICAL PASSAGEWAY

71

high inside a vertical passageway, Frank drops a flare which  
hangs precariously on a ledge below him.  
Straining, he finally retrieves it, breathing a sigh of relief.  
Until --

THE ALIEN

attacks him. Frank drops the flare, screaming, writhing.  
The flare falls in EXTREME SLOW MOTION, tumbling,  
finally delicately touching the ground -- EXPLOSION!

72 VERTICAL PASSAGEWAYS --

72

Off to the races...  
Fire rips down tiny, collapsed mining passages.  
Buckets of the junk explode --  
Flames lick the ceiling.

73 RIPLEY

73

dives to the ground --  
The oxygen is being SUCKED AWAY --

74 THE AIR VENTS

74

ignite!

- 75 PRISONER ED 75  
are engulfed in flames as the fire races through the overhead  
AC/Alien Nest.  
Through a grating, WE SEE
- 76 ED 76  
burned as the FLAMES race past him.
- 77 THE ALIEN 77  
scuttles from the fire...  
Martin SEES the Beast and calls the others to arms.  
They begin a CRAWLING ATTACK after the Alien.  
Injured Prisoners drop from the burning ceiling.
- 78 ERIC 78  
hurriedly crawls to safety in an ancillary pipe
- 79 JANNI 79  
SCREAMS as the Beast emerges from the overhead AC Duct,  
and then dies.
- 80 TROY AND CHRISTOPHER 80  
race from the flames --  
Troy escapes, the but Christopher is fully engulfed by the fire.
- 81 RIPLEY - TOXIC WASTE DUMP PASSAGEWAY 81  
tries to find out what's going on.  
DILLON  
calls to his troops, but it's useless.  
RIPLEY AND JUNIOR  
beat the fire out on the engulfed Prisoner.  
THE ALIEN  
scuttles by overhead, unseen.  
GREGOR  
dies in Junior's arms  
  
RIPLEY  
finds Dillon.



81 CONT.

81 CONT.

JUNIOR

races through the fire, insane with grief:

JUNIOR  
Come and get me, chino!

82 LAWRENCE

82

falls from smoke inhalation...  
As he passes out, he sees the Beast rise before him, backlit by  
flames, distorted by heat.  
Ripples, out of focus, it really looks like the Devil...

83 BACK ON JUNIOR

83

who turns a corner.

LAWRENCE

disappears into an airvent --

RIPLEY

leads a fall-back.  
The remaining gather the fallen.

JUNIOR

attacks the Alien.  
The others retreat through the flames, turning a corner to see --

THE ALIEN

drop to the ground.  
Junior sees them, calls to them to run -  
They watch as Junior turns and rushes the Beast, who attacks  
him while he runs.

RIPLEY AND PRISONERS

run to Junior's aid, but the Creature bears down on Junior,  
who rushes for the door.

ALIEN - P.O.V.

the Creature halts and watches Junior turn in a doorway. In the  
distance, the other Prisoners stop --  
The Alien turns, looking at the group of Prisoners --

Junior screams. The Alien WHIPLASH TURNS to pounce on  
Junior. They tumble back into the dark.

RIPLEY

hits the door shut.

83 CONT.

83 CONT.

WE HEAR the Rapist's cries as the Tri-Door shuts.  
Dillon activates the SPRINKLERS.

MONTAGE:

The faces of the remaining Prisoners.  
Water pouring over them.  
Gregorian chants

84 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

84

Dillon stands before the remaining prisoners --

INTERCUT -

graphic silhouettes of the gathering of the bodies.

DILLON

(speaking to the  
congregation)

Even for those who have fallen, this is  
a time of rejoicing. We salute their  
courage. They will live forever.  
Those who are dead are not dead.  
They have moved up -- they have  
moved higher...

He joins the congregation in prayer.

GALLERY

Ripley and Aaron look down at the religious ceremony.

AARON

Bastards are crazy. But it keeps 'em  
quiet. They're hung up on this  
religious crap.

Pause.

AARON

I figure rescue team gets here in four,  
five days, six tops. They go in there  
with smart guns and kill the bastard.  
Right?

RIPLEY

Have you heard anything from them?

AARON

Naw. We just got a message received.  
Later we got something that said you  
were top-priority -- They don't cut us  
in on much. We're the ass-end of the  
totem pole out here.

84 CONT.

84 CONT.

RIPLEY

Look -- if the company wants to take  
the thing back...

AARON

Take it back? Are you kiddin'? They  
gotta kill it.

RIPLEY

Right.

85

INT. INFIRMARY

85

Golic still straight-jacketed...  
Guarded by Morse

GOLIC

Hey, Morse...

Morse just looks at him.

GOLIC

Let me out of this thing.

MORSE

No fucking way.

GOLIC

C'mon man, it hurts.

MORSE

Sorry.

GOLIC

I didn't do nothing.

MORSE

Don't talk to me.

GOLIC

What'd I do? Just tell me what'd I do?

MORSE

I'll tell you what I'm going to do, I'm  
gonna guard your ass just like I was  
ordered. I don't want no trouble with  
Dillon.

GOLIC

All I did was tell about the dragon.  
What it did to Boggs and Rains. I  
wasn't lying. You saw it.

MORSE

Fuckin' A. It was big.

85 CONT.

85 CONT.

GOLIC

Let me loose, man. What if it gets in here? I couldn't even run. I'd be dead meat.

MORSE

It's not going to get in here. We got it trapped.

GOLIC

Then what's the big deal? Come on, man, let me loose.

Pause.

MORSE

Fuck it. Why not? But behave yourself. No fuckin' around or I'll get nothin' but shit.

Morse starts to free the straps.

GOLIC

Hey, no problem. Trust me, buddy.

Golic is now free.

GOLIC

Where they got it?

MORSE

Up in the waste tank. We got that sucker nailed down. I mean tight.

Golic swings his arms -- gets his circulation back...

GOLIC

I got to see it again. It's the dragon of God. It's in the book.

MORSE

What the fuck you talkin' about?

Smack!

Golic hammers him with a small fire extinguisher. Morse is down and out.

GOLIC

It's in the book.

He wanders off.

86 INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

86

FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
12037154 - REPORT DEATH OF SUPT.  
ANDREWS, MEDICAL OFFICER CLEMENS,  
MANY PRISONERS...

87 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

87

Ripley hovers over Aaron as he types into the Dat-scan.

AARON

Okay. We got the first part -- now  
what do I say?

RIPLEY

Tell them we trapped it.

AARON

Right. What do we call it?

RIPLEY

A Xenomorph.

AARON

Right. How do you spell it?

RIPLEY

Here...

She elbows him aside.

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

HAVE TRAPPED XENOMORPH. REQUEST  
PERMISSION TO TERMINATE.

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

AARON

We can't kill it. We don't have any  
weapons.

RIPLEY

We don't have to tell them that.

AARON

Then why tell 'em?

An answer starts coming back.

INSERT - COMPUTER TYPE

TO: FURY 161 - CLASS C - PRISON UNIT -  
1237154 - FROM NETWORK COMCON 01500  
- WEYLAND - YUTANI - MESSAGE RECEIVED.

87 CONT.

87 CONT.

AARON (V.O.)

See, that's all they ever tell us. Treat  
us like shit.

More type coming in...

RESCUE UNIT TO ARRIVE AT 12  
HUNDRED HOURS -- PERMISSION  
DENIED TO TERMINATE XENOMORPH  
REPEAT -- PERMISSION DENIED. AVOID  
CONTACT UNTIL RESCUE TEAM ARRIVES.

RIPLEY

Staring at the message -- her worst suspicions confirmed.

AARON

I'm for that.

RIPLEY

Thanks a lot.

88

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 88

A torch is planted in a crack in the concrete wall.  
Flickering light illuminates the battered door.  
It's dented all to hell but still intact.  
Silence from within the container.  
Some distance away on the very edge of the light...  
Arthur has been posted as guard -- he's seated by the big door.  
Golic approaches.

GOLIC

Okay. Off and on. I gotta get in  
there.

ARTHUR

What the hell you talkin' about?

He gets to his feet.

GOLIC

I just need to go on in there and see the  
beast. We got a lot of shit to talk over.  
It's all in the book. I gotta go in there.

ARTHUR

You ain't goin' in there, shithead. Big  
motherfucker eat you alive. Plus you  
let that baby out, kiss our ass goodbye.

Golic suddenly lifts a straight razor and slashes his throat.

GOLIC

I say somethin' -- you oughta learn to  
pay attention.

88 CONT.

88 CONT.

GOLIC

He eyeballs the battered door.  
 Silence.  
 Golic giggles, cocks his head...  
 Listening for a moment, moves to the door.  
 Still chuckling, he starts fiddling with the control.  
 Finding the right button, he pushes it.  
 Somewhere, gears whine.  
 Steel scrapes on steel.  
 The smashed door swings partially open and gets stuck.  
 An ominous darkness is waiting within.  
 Straining, Golic tries to get the door open all the way.  
 He puts his entire body into it.  
 More scraping.  
 Finally, the door opens completely.  
 Golic peers into the darkness.  
 Nothing.  
 Silence.

GOLIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Just tell me what you want.  
 Just tell me what to do, brother.

A sound...  
 Golic smiles.

GOLIC

Let's get this straight. I'm with you all  
 the way. I just want to do my job.

A rushing sound as the beast lopes away.  
 Golic keeps smiling...

89

INT. PRISONER CELL BLOCK - DILLON'S CELL

89

Dillon sits alone— playing solitaire.  
 Ripley stands nearby as Dillon turns over another card.

DILLON

You're tellin' me they're comin' to  
 take this thing away?

RIPLEY

They'll try. They don't want to kill it.  
 We've got to figure out some way to  
 finish it off before they get here.

DILLON

Why do we have to kill it? You just  
 said the company's coming for it.

RIPLEY

That's right. They're going to take it  
 back.

89 CONT.

89 CONT.

DILLON

What's wrong with that?

RIPLEY

They don't understand. They can't control it. It'll kill them all.

DILLON

Like I said, what's wrong with that?

Bang!

The cell block door opens.

Morse enters.

MORSE

Hey, Dillon!

90

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NEAR TOXIC WASTE DISPOSAL 90

Sometime later.

Ripley, Dillon, Aaron and Morse have arrived.

They stare at the open door,

The prisoner Golic killed - Arthur - lie close by...

AARON

This cuts it. God damn dumb son of a bitch let it loose. Now what the fuck are we gonna do? Andrews was right - we should have kept the shithead chained up.

(turning)

What's the matter?

She's sick again.

Leaning on the wall for support, she struggles to get her breath.

MORSE

Piss on her. The fuckin' thing's loose out there. Now what the fuck are we gonna do?

AARON

I just said that. You're the dumb prick that let Golic go. You miserable little shit.

Wham!

He flattens Morse.

Dillon grabs Aaron.

DILLON

Cut that shit out --

AARON

Then tell your fuckin' bozo to shape up! All this shit is his fault!



90 CONT.

90 CONT.

Dillon pushes Aaron away...

DILLON  
(to Ripley)  
What do you think?

Ripley's head is killing her.  
Leaning on the wall, Ripley struggles against nausea.

RIPLEY  
I need to get to the E.E.V.

AARON  
Yeah -- Okay. No problem. Why?

RIPLEY  
The neuroscanner, I want to use the  
catscan...

DILLON  
You don't look so good.

Morse gets to his feet.

MORSE  
Who gives a shit what's wrong with  
her -- What are we gonna do?

AARON  
You want to hit your back again you  
little dork? Shut the fuck up and quit  
causin' panic.

MORSE  
Panic! You're so goddamn dumb, you  
couldn't spell it -- don't tell me about  
panic! We ought to panic! We're  
screwed!

AARON  
Yeah! And who's fault is it?

DILLON  
Both of you, shut up!!

They all stare at each other.

AARON  
(to Dillon)  
Okay, smart guy. I'm out of ideas.  
What do we do?

MORSE  
What about the beach?

90 CONT.

90 CONT.

AARON

Right. When the sun's down it's forty below zero. We can build bonfires, wear heavy coats and all hold hands. The rescue team is ten hours away so that makes a lot of sense.

MORSE

Wonderful. So you just want us to stay here and if this fucking beast doesn't get us, then Golic cuts your throat.

AARON

We'll send a search team out for him. Hang the bastard.

MORSE

Get fucking serious. Who's goin' on a search team with that big fuckin' thing out there?

Good point.  
Ripley still leaning on the wall.

RIPLEY

I need to get to the E.E.V. Somebody show me the way.

DILLON

(to Morse)

Get everybody that's still left together. Get 'em to the cell block. Grab all the fire axes, kitchen knives, all the blades...

91 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

91

The E.E.V. still sits on the hangar floor.  
Light flickers, dims and surges again.  
Shadows move.  
Whispered voices from within the vehicle:

92 INT. EEV

92

With difficulty, a naked Ripley crawls into a cryo-tube.  
Dillon, back turned, stands guard at the doorway --  
Crouched in a cramped space to her right, Aaron works a small keyboard, staring down at a display screen.  
A menu pops onto the screen.  
He stares at it:

AARON

What do I do now?

92 CONT.

92 CONT.

RIPLEY  
Hit either 'B' or 'C'. What's 'C'?

AARON  
Display bio-functions.

RIPLEY  
That's it.

Aaron hits the keyboard.  
Ripley forces her body into the cryo-tube.  
It's a very tight fit.  
Claustrophobic as hell.  
Every instinct she has is yelling at her to get the hell out of there and run.  
He goes back to work on the keyboard.  
Above Ripley's head, inside a panel, a motor whines.  
It scares the hell out of her.  
Haunted, she closes her eyes.  
Aaron watches the display monitor.  
A picture of Ripley's head appears on the screen.

AARON  
Okay. What am I supposed to be lookin' for? I don't know how to read this shit.

Rapidly changing digital information and additional medical data are superimposed on the image.  
Aaron works the keyboard.  
An unseen scanner begins moving down Ripley's body.  
Her neck and shoulders appear.  
Aaron wipes sweat from his brow.  
He stares at the image on the display as it reveals the interior of Ripley's thorax.  
He opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

AARON  
Holy shit...what the fuck is that?

Dillon turns, stares at the screen.

DILLON  
You're carryin' it.

A BABY QUEEN ALIEN

is clearly revealed, growing inside Ripley's chest.  
An embryonic head hangs down toward the pelvis.

RIPLEY  
What's it look like?

DILLON  
Jesus.

92 CONT.

92 CONT.

AARON  
Fuckin' horrible.

RIPLEY  
Move the screen. I've got to take a  
look..

DILLON  
I don't think you want to.

RIPLEY  
Do it.

Aaron adjusts the view screen...  
She takes a long look.

RIPLEY  
Okay.

Punching a button, he shuts off the scanner.

AARON  
Right. Let's get you out of here.

93 INT. CONE OF SILENCE \_- GOLIC 93

Unnoticed - he's watching from across the way as they leave.  
He smiles.

94 INT. PRISONER'S CELL BLOCK 94

Dillon holds a fire axe over his head.

DILLON  
Give us strength O Lord, to endure.  
Until the day. Amen.

The remaining prisoners are assembled.  
They all raise their right fist...  
Aaron clears his throat --  
He's attempting to take on Andrews' mantle of leadership.  
Ripley is nowhere in sight.

AARON  
Okay men, rumor control. I guess you  
all know what's goin' on. We're doin'  
our best...

Dillon pushes by him.

94 CONT.

94 CONT.

DILLON

It's loose. It's out there...a rescue team is on the way with guns and shit. Right now, there isn't any place that's real safe. I say we stay here in the cell block. No overhead vent shafts. If it comes in, it's gotta be through the door. We post a guard to let us know if it's comin'. In any case -- lay low. Be ready and stay right, in case your time comes.

DAVID

Bull shit, man. We'll all be trapped in here like rats.

DILLON

Most of you got blades stashed away, get 'em out.

WILLIAM

Right. You think we're gonna stab that mother fucker to death?

DILLON

I don't think shit. Maybe you can hurt it while you're checkin' out. It's something. You got any better ideas?

A long silence.

DILLON

I'm tellin' you, until that rescue team gets here -- we're in the shit. Prepare yourself.

WILLIAM

I ain't stayin' here. You can bet on it.

DILLON

Suit yourself.

He turns and walks away...

95 INT. ANDREWS' QUARTERS

95

Dillon, carrying his axe, enters.  
Looks in at Ripley.

95 CONT.

95 CONT.

RIPLEY

The thing that's inside me is a queen. It has to be, otherwise it would have come out by now. I've seen how they work. It's not very pretty. So it's going to be a queen. An egg layer. Millions of eggs. It's not like the one that's out there running around loose. I don't know how long this thing takes to gestate.

DILLON

How did it get inside you?

RIPLEY

While I was in hypersleep. I guess the horrible dream I had wasn't exactly a dream.

DILLON

You got raped.

RIPLEY

Yeah. And I get to be the mother of the mother of the apocalypse.

DILLON

What are you gonna do?

RIPLEY

I've got to kill it.

DILLON

How you figure on doin' that?

RIPLEY

Simple. Except I can't do what I should -- so you've got to help me. You've got to kill me.

DILLON

Me?

RIPLEY

You.

DILLON

You're just bullshittin'.

RIPLEY

You don't get it. I'm dead anyway. So are you. This thing inside me can generate thousands more. This thing can wipe out the whole universe. It has to die.

95 CONT.

95 CONT.

DILLON

There's still that big one out there.  
Long as it's alive, you're not savin' any  
universe.

RIPLEY

That's your job. When the Company  
gets here -- get a gun, kill it. I can't  
take the chance to have this thing inside  
me for another minute... You're  
supposed to be a killer -- kill me.

A long moment.  
Then...  
Ripley stands.

RIPLEY

Just do it. No speeches.

Turns her back on Dillon.  
He raises the axe.  
Hesitates.

RIPLEY

It has to be killed. Don't think of it as  
me.

DILLON

You're really pushin' me, sister.

RIPLEY

Come on, do it! You told me you  
were a killer -- do it. Just do it.

A long moment.

RIPLEY

Come on, once a killer, always a killer,  
once a prisoner, always a prisoner - do  
it!

He looks at her -- then swings the axe full force.  
Drives it into the wall next to her head.  
She turns.

RIPLEY

You're not doing me any favors! This  
has to be done!

DILLON

Sorry. I can't. I am a new person.

Pause.

DILLON

Now I know for certain that it's real.

95 CONT.

95 CONT.

Tears the axe back out of the wall.  
Turns and walks off.  
On her look --

96

INT. ABATTOIR

96

Eric, William and Christopher, bandaged from his burns, stand waiting -- the security door opens.

ERIC

Okay -- we got food. Couple of survival kits...all the disinfectant I could get out of the bug wash.

Prisoner One slams the door shut.  
They spread the disinfectant around the doors.

WILLIAM

He ain't gonna come in here with all this disinfectant. No fuckin' way. He's a bug and he ain't gonna bring his ass in here.

CHRISTOPHER

Tell me again.

WILLIAM

Fuck you, man. Believe it.

ERIC

We got it made. Them other dumb bastards back there in the cell block gonna get the chop. We got food, no fuckin' air conditioner for him to drop out of --

Across the way one of the lights goes off...  
Then another.

CHRISTOPHER

What the fuck is that?

WILLIAM

What's it look like?

ERIC

Looks like the fuckin' light went off.

WILLIAM

Right.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Okay. Well, who turned the fuckers off?



96 CONT.

96 CONT.

Another light goes off.

CHRISTOPHER  
Who's turnin' off the fuckin' lights?

Another light goes off.

WILLIAM  
Turn 'em back on!

CHRISTOPHER  
Right.

ERIC  
I wonder who's turnin' 'em off?

WILLIAM  
Maybe they just burned out.

CHRISTOPHER  
Maybe.

ERIC  
Bullshit.

CHRISTOPHER  
Where's the circuit breaker?

WILLIAM  
I didn't know there was one.

ERIC  
Me neither.

Another light goes off.

ERIC  
Fuck it, somebody tell me who's  
turnin' 'em off:

WILLIAM  
It ain't the fuckin' beast. He don't give  
a shit if the lights are on or off.

ERIC  
Okay, then you go turn the fuckers  
back on.

Another light goes off.

CHRISTOPHER  
He's right. It ain't the fuckin' beast.  
Don't make sense. They're probably  
on some automatic timer.

96 CONT.

96 CONT.

ERIC  
I'm tellin' you - bullshit. I been here  
ten years and I never heard about no  
automatic timer. Besides, if we had  
one, it wouldn't work.

WILLIAM  
What the fuck do you know?

ERIC  
I know I never heard nothin' about no  
automatic timer.

WILLIAM  
You didn't know nothin' about any  
circuit breaker either. Right? So go  
turn 'em back on.

ERIC  
Fuck you -- you go do it.

The room is now very dark.  
The far walls no longer visible through the gloom.

CHRISTOPHER  
Come on. I'll go. Somebody go with  
me.

Long pause.

CHRISTOPHER  
Come on, we can't just stand here like  
dumb fucks.

ERIC  
Fuck it -- I'll go with you.

They bump elbows in a bonding gesture -- move off through the  
dark.

WILLIAM  
It's an automatic timer. That's what  
did it.

ANOTHER PRISONER  
Right.

WILLIAM  
(calls out)  
Hey! You guys find anything?!

No response.

WILLIAM  
Hey! Answer me!

96 CONT.

96 CONT.

VOICE

(from afar)

So far we can't find dick! It's too  
goddamn dark.

WILLIAM

Just fuckin' answer when I yell, okay!  
Don't get cute!

(turns back to  
Prisoner #3)

Fuckin' wise guys.

Except it's not Another Prisoner.  
He's on the floor with his throat cut.  
Golic is standing there holding his butcher knife -- as usual, he's  
smiling.

GOLIC

It's your time. Me and the beast.  
We're a team.

WILLIAM

Golic. Hey buddy, it's me.

Golic stabs him straight in the heart.

VOICE

(from afar)

You guys got any fuckin' idea where  
this circuit breaker is?

Golic turns -- heads after the voice through the dark.

97

INT. COMMUNICATION ROOM - COMPUTER ANNEX 97

Ripley taps out the five-digit code.  
Runs her thumb against the identiprint.  
The inner door opens  
Data banks come to life.  
She sits at the console.  
Thinks for a moment.  
Then punches up a code.  
Nothing happens.

RIPLEY

Shit!

Punches another combination.  
Nothing happens.  
The Comm door SLAMS open --  
It's Aaron.

RIPLEY

I need to get a line back to the  
Network.

97 CONT.

97 CONT.

AARON

Okay. Why?

RIPLEY

I want to tell them this whole place has gone toxic.

AARON

Are you kiddin'? Then they won't come here. The rescue team'll turn back.

RIPLEY

That's right.

AARON

What are you talkin' about? Our only hope is that they kill this fucker. And maybe they can do something for you. Freeze you -- do an operation. They got the technology...

RIPLEY

If it gets off this planet, it'll kill everything. We can't let the company come here. They'll try to take it back with them.

AARON

Fuck you. I'm sorry you got this thing inside you, lady, but I want to get rescued. I don't give a shit about these meatball prisoners, but I got a wife and kid. I go back on the next rotation.

RIPLEY

I'm sorry -- look, I know this is hard, but I've got to send a message back. I need the code.

AARON

Sorry, babe. It's classified.

RIPLEY

Look, shithead, it's got to be done! Give it to me!

AARON

No fuckin' way, Lady. Not without killin' me first.

RIPLEY

If you insist. No problem!

97 CONT.

97 CONT.

AARON

(yelling,  
overlapping)Kiss my ass! Go ahead! You are not  
getting the code!

RIPLEY

(yelling,  
overlapping)You idiot! When are you going to get  
it? You're dead anyway!

98 A TORCH

98

Moving through the semi-darkness...

99 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

99

Dillon and Morse enter.

MORSE

I'm telling you -- I don't want an axe.  
Just give me something worth a shit.  
Like a pulse rifle. This fucker will  
grab the axe out of your hand, then  
grab your hand.

DILLON

Quit bitching. There's a fire box over  
here on the loft.

Dillon has the axe in one hand, torch in another.

MORSE

Holy Christ.

The Assembly Hall has been transformed into an Alien cocoon  
chamber.

Walls and ceiling encrusted with Alien mucous.

Hives built around rotting corpses.

A sound...

Moaning.

Low moaning.

MORSE

They're not dead...

THE COCOONS

Dozens of semi-transparent pods -- inside each, a prisoner's  
body.

DILLON

This is the meat locker.

99 CONT.

ANDREWS (O/S)

99 CONT.

Help...

They turn --  
Their torches illuminate --

ANDREWS

Cocooned.

MORSE - DILLON

Both gazing upward --

MORSE

Fuck me...

He starts forward...

Dillon stops him.

In the fine mist of the chamber a narrow MEMBRANE -- like a  
cross section of laser light -- encircles the cocoon chamber.

DILLON

It's like an alarm. Step in there and it  
knows we're here.

MORSE

What about Andrews?

DILLON

Too late.

ANDREWS

Please. Kill me. Please.

Dillon steps forward -- touches the flame from his torch to the  
Alien web...

Andrews' cocoon is engulfed...

Dillon and Morse watch as he is burned to a crisp.

DILLON

We burn it. All of it.

Morse looks up at the ceiling -- the circling flames.

Soon the Cocoon chamber is a pyre...

The flames lick at the ceiling.

Catch the dry timbers.

SCREEEEEEEE -!!

They look up.

ASSEMBLY HALL - FAR END OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER

The Beast holds something in his hand: A man's torso.

What's left of a prisoner..

The Beast lets it drop to the floor.

Dillon throws his torch -- it flies end over end -- the length of  
the cocoon chamber -- the Alien's hand comes up --

99 CONT.

99 CONT.

It SMASHES against his foreleg --  
Covering him with a sheet of flame --  
It disappears behind a huge cement abutment.

100 INT. COMM ROOM

100

Ripley and Aaron -- both now calm -- but both still angry,  
sullen...

RIPLEY

I can't get anything to go right around  
here. I can't even get one of you  
meatheads to kill me. I tried to get  
Dillon to do it.

AARON

Why? So the thing inside you would  
die?

She nods.

AARON

Right. No problem. I'll tell you what,  
if that's what you want, you kill the big  
bastard -- I'll put your lights out. I'll  
even do it real painless. Promise.  
Nothin' personal you understand. I  
think you're okay.

RIPLEY

Thanks.

AARON

Got any ideas?

Ripley pours herself a glass of water.

RIPLEY

It won't kill me.

AARON

Oh yeah. Why?

RIPLEY

It can't nail me without killing the new  
queen.

AARON

You really want to bet this thing's that  
smart?

RIPLEY

It could've killed me twice. But it  
didn't.

100 CONT.

100 CONT.

AARON

Then I'm stickin' real close to you.  
You're the best shot I got.

A FIREBELL goes off.  
Ripley looks at Aaron.

AARON

Shit. A fuckin' fire.

101 INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - THE COCOON CHAMBER 101

Now an inferno.  
Hundreds of pods fully ablaze.  
A SHRILL KEENING SOUND as the flames fully engulf the  
half-dead...

MORSE

Come on, let's get out of here!

DILLON

You go!

MORSE

Both of us!

The inferno grows...

Dillon shoves him back through the door -- locks it from inside.  
Then, turning back to the ghostly, flickering incandescence,  
Dillon begins to pray softly.  
Morse pounding on the door...

DILLON

When evil draws near, it is evil that  
will fail. My body will be taken, but  
never my spirit.

High above, at the very top, from out of the flames, the beast is  
moving.  
Far below, Dillon's voice:

DILLON

It is the light I seek. My eyes are  
closed to evil.

All is now a blur through the flames --  
Something hits the floor behind Dillon.

DILLON

For I will be safe on the Day of The  
Beast. I am in your hands. I am ready  
to be judged.

A shape rises up in front of him.



101 CONT.

101 CONT.

DILLON

Although evil surrounds me, I shall  
offer within a sacrifice of pure joy.  
My body will be taken, but never my  
spirit.

THE ALIEN

Looming over him...

DILLON

I am ready to be judged!

Now shouting, Dillon keeps his eyes closed...

DILLON

The Beast has made me dwell in  
darkness! I will fear no evil!

His voice cracks and trails off into nothingness.  
He's pushed his faith to the edge.

102      IN THE HALLWAY - OPPOSITE MORSE'S DOOR      102

Rounding a corner, Ripley and Aaron appear...  
Ripley moves to a plexiglass window.

103      ASSEMBLY HALL - THRU SMOKE AND FIRE      103

Dillon opens his eyes and sees Ripley.  
She's screaming something, but he can't hear.  
He glances over his shoulder, spotting the Creature.  
Dillon suddenly lifts his axe, smashes at The Beast.  
Slices through one of its forelegs.  
In a flash, the Alien strikes...

104      HALLWAY - RIPLEY      104

Watching through the Plexiglass...  
Grabbing a fire extinguisher from the wall, she starts pounding  
it against the window --

105      ASSEMBLY HALL - SMOKE AND FIRE      105

In his death throes, Dillon climbs reflexively to his feet.  
Hacks away again at the beast.  
Savagely, the Alien rips a hole in his chest.  
Hurls his body backwards...  
Gathering it up, the Creature drags it away.

106 HALLWAY - RIPLEY

106

Helpless, she drops the fire extinguisher on the floor.  
Watches the Alien disappear through the flames -- into an air-  
duct with Dillon's body.

107 INSERT - DILLON'S AXE

107

It lies across a battered mess table.

INT. MESS HALL

Morse, Ripley and Aaron.  
Morse is seated.  
Drinking a coke.  
Looks like hell.  
Ripley is across the way.  
Staring at Dillon's axe...

MORSE

Don't give me any shit -- like it was  
my fault. He could've come with me.  
He shoved me outta there. Fuck!  
You're the one that brought it here!  
You're the one responsible!

The lights suddenly dim.  
Flicker.  
Return, but at a much lower amperage.

MORSE

Now, what the shit! Fuckin' beast is  
screwin' up the electric system!

AARON

I been expectin' this. Main generator  
must've went out. Nobody feeding the  
firebox. Emergency backup just went  
on...

RIPLEY

Let's go.

AARON

Where?

RIPLEY

To find it.

MORSE

Find it! What the fuck!

107 CONT.

107 CONT.

RIPLEY

If it can't kill me then maybe I can just walk up to it. Shove a torch down its mouth, hit it between the eyes an axe. Kick it in the nuts. Something...the worst thing that can happen is...it kills me.

Ripley picks up the axe.

RIPLEY

How many prisoners do we have left?

MORSE

There's seven shitheads back in the cell block last time I was there.

RIPLEY

Let's go get them.

AARON

Sure. Why?

On her look --

108 INT. LEAD MOULD -

108

Ripley, Aaron, Morse and the remaining Prisoners.

RIPLEY

This is a lead works, isn't it? Then all we have to do is get the beast into the mould and pour hot lead on it.

AARON

How the hell do we get it into the mould? We don't have anymore fire shit, used it all up...

MORSE

Right. And burnt the fuck out of our guys.

RIPLEY

We use bait.

MORSE

Bait!

RIPLEY

You guys got a better idea?

AARON

What do you have in mind?

DAVID

He seemed to go for Junior.

108 CONT.

108 CONT.

MORSE

Let me get this straight. First you bring it here, then you don't warn us, then we have this great plan with the fire that gets half of us burned to death. Now you want to use us as bait for this fucker that won't kill you.

RIPLEY

Yes. That's exactly right. Otherwise it gets all of you just like it got Dillon.

Pause.

RIPLEY

I'm not trying to make it easy on you. This is the choice. You die sitting here on your ass, or maybe you die out there, but at least we take a shot at killing it. And maybe you get even for Dillon and the others. Now, how do you want it?

MORSE

Nice speech.

RIPLEY

I'll say it again. You got a better idea?

A long silence.

MORSE

Fuck it. Let's go for it.

*(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE UP TO THE DEATH OF THE XENOMORPH IS BASED ON THE OLD BAIT AND CHASE STORYBOARDS AND WILL BE AMENDED AS NEW STORYBOARD INFORMATION BECOMES AVAILABLE. UNTIL THEN IT SHOULD BE USED AS A VERY ROUGH GUIDE TO THE NARRATIVE PROGRESSION.)*

109 INT. VENT TUNNEL - MORSE

109

starts to bring two huge electrical connectors together to power the main corridor and doors...

CLOSE - THE HEAVY STEEL ELECTRICAL CONNECTORS

slamming together. Power surges on...

- 110 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 110  
The lights flicker on.  
Some of the bulbs burn out -- this part of Fury 161 hasn't been  
used in a while.
- 111 TROY 111  
stands waiting in one of the alcoves to activate the piston.
- 112 RIPLEY AND AARON 112  
in another alcove, waiting.
- RIPLEY  
The first time I met up with this thing,  
it killed my whole crew. And I  
survived. The next time, it killed a  
different crew, marines, killed all of  
them, and I survived.
- AARON  
I told you before -- I'm stickin' real  
close.
- 113 ANOTHER CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS - TWO PRISONERS 113  
butting their foreheads into the wall.
- JUDE  
Let's lunch this thing!
- Another PRISONER looks on as though: "yeah, right on."
- 114 CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 114  
Martin positions himself along the length of the corridor.  
Whispering to be quiet to one another.  
Their "shushing" each other reverberating...
- 115 CEILING - LEAD WORKS 115  
Low-angle TRACKING SHOT showing the air vents, the  
plumbing system, etc.
- 116 VINCENT 116  
presses a large button to activate a door.  
THE DOOR - CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS  
opens and then jams before closing.

116 CONT.

VINCENT

leaning his head through the jammed door.

VINCENT

I don't know about this shit.

117 CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS

117

A piercing SCREAM echoes frighteningly down the corridor...

118 KEVIN

118

carrying a FLARE runs in a panic INTO FRAME.  
Stops...

KEVIN'S P.O.V. - THE ALIEN

feeding.

CLOSE - KEVIN

His face registering fear - he calls out to the Alien:

KEVIN

Hey fella! C'mon boy. Over here,  
shithead!

CLOSE - THE ALIEN

turns and looks at him malevolently.

CLOSE - KEVIN

who is rooted to the spot for a second, then suddenly takes off  
running.

THE CORRIDOR - DUTCH ANGLE - P.O.V.

of the Alien, charging after Kevin.  
Continuing around corners in the dark passageway.

NEW ANGLE - REVERSE

Kevin in the foreground, TRACKING BACK with him as he  
runs, eyes wide with fear, arms pumping, still holding the flare.

ALIEN P.O.V. - THE FLEEING PRISONER

Closing in...

Kevin goes through a doorway.  
A huge STEEL DOOR SLAMS SHUT in the Alien's face.

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

The thick steel buckles as the Alien CRASHES into it from the  
other side.

- 119      ALCOVE - ALIEN'S SIDE OF CORRIDOR      119
- JUDE becomes visible to the Alien, his flare aloft tauntingly,  
calls out to the enraged beast:
- JUDE  
Come and get me, fuckface! Take  
your best shot!
- ALIEN P.O.V.
- as it swings around and SEES Jude in a LONG SHOT down the  
corridor.  
It moves very fast onto the wall...  
Whips around a corner.  
CAMERA CRANES DOWN to REVEAL Jude disappearing  
through another door.  
The Alien rushes towards him, but...  
  
The DOOR SLAMS SHUT in its face.  
  
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR  
  
Jude gasping, out of breath.  
  
GLASS PANEL - ABOVE JUDE  
  
An Alien TENTACLE smashes through glass...  
  
LOW ANGLE - JUDE  
  
As the ALIEN TENTACLE gropes for him, he scrambles  
backwards along the wall, trying to evade it --  
Screaming bloody murder.
- 120      RIPLEY AND AARON      120
- reacting to the screams issuing from somewhere deep in the  
corridor. The carnage has begun.
- 121      TROY - WAITING IN ALCOVE      121
- also reacts to the screams -- his hand near a large button.
- 122      DAVID      122
- Being hunted down by the Alien, flare clutched in his hand, a  
one-way ticket to hell.
- 123      ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CORRIDOR -      123  
DAVID
- appears suddenly out of the darkness, BURNING FLARE held  
aloft.  
He cocks his arm, ready to throw...  
  
THE CEILING

123 CONT.

123 CONT.

The Alien crawling crab-like on the ceiling --  
The BURNING FLARE flies ACROSS THE FRAME, clattering ineffectually to the floor.

ALIEN P.O.V. - UPSIDE DOWN CAMERA

Along the ceiling, now moving fast in the direction of the David.

ALIEN P.O.V. - DAVID

Turning, starting to run --  
CAMERA moving in on him, continuing...

CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS

David running towards the CAMERA, followed by the --  
ALIEN

scampering on the ceiling at great speed...

124 NEW ANGLE - CORRIDOR - NEAR DOOR

124

David comes racing TOWARDS THE DOOR -- dives through -- jumps BACK INTO THE FRAME and slams his palm against the button, activating the vertically closing door.

THE ALIEN

rushing towards CAMERA, David's feet in the foreground -- the door coming down - too slowly!

As the Beast hits the door at full speed, concussing it, metal buckling.

THE DOOR - LOW ANGLE

still moving down, trying to shut.

An ALIEN TENTACLE extends hideously under the space where the door refuses to close.

CLOSE - DAVID

his face contorted in horror.

DAVID'S P.O.V.

The door as it finally jerks shut -- the Alien tentacle withdraws.  
Silence.  
Eye of the hurricane?

125 RIPLEY AND AARON - ANOTHER PART OF THE CORRIDOR

125

Reactions.



125 CONT.

125 CONT.

AARON  
What the hell are those meatballs  
doing? All they have to do is run  
down a corridor.

RIPLEY  
Shh.

126 TROY 126

Hand on a SWITCH to activate the piston.

127 MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 127

Ripley and Aaron step out from their concealed positions to  
assess what's going on.

128 DOOR - PLEXIGLASS WINDOW 128

David looking apprehensively out...  
The ALIEN TAIL slithers up quickly out of TOP OF FRAME.

CLOSE - DAVID

His face still pressed against the Plexiglass...

DAVID  
Hey! It's in the air...

OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

as David, hearing something or realizing something, turns,  
fearfully:

DAVID  
...vent...

THE ALIEN

EXPLODES INTO THE FRAME, striking --

CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS

REVEAL David being pulled out through a door that didn't  
close all the way...  
Blood rains down.

129 THE MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 129

Ripley and Aaron in a position of readiness, waiting...

130 TROY AT THE PISTON 130

extremely apprehensive.

- 131 CORRIDOR - LOW UP ANGLE 131
- Martin and Jude running -- burning flares in their hands, smoke streaming behind them.
- The trailing Prisoner slips in the blood and his FEET GO OUT FROM UNDER HIM.  
He hits the floor hard on his ass and SLIDES -- reaches down and gets a handful of some gross substance. Looks in horror at the other Prisoner who has now stopped to see what's happening.
- CLOSE - MARTIN AND JUDE
- They realize what the substance is: the remains of their fellow Prisoner.  
They simultaneously turn and SCREAM.
- 132 THE MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS - RIPLEY - 132  
AARON
- The SCREAMS reverberate...  
After a moment they see the ALIEN tearing by in the background.
- 133 TROY - AT PISTON 133
- Impatient, starts to pull the switch.
- 134 CLOSE - RIPLEY 134
- RIPLEY  
No. Wait!
- 135 TROY 135
- stops, holds...
- 136 THE MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 136
- FACES of the VARIOUS PRISONERS, their countenances reflecting fear.
- 137 AIR VENT - P.O.V. 137
- Kevin streaking past below, with a torch held aloft.
- 138 CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 138
- Kevin with torch...  
TILT UP to REVEAL:  
THE ALIEN
- reaching its tentacles down through the air vent --  
SNATCHING Kevin off the floor...

138 CONT.

138 CONT.

## VENT SHAFT - ANOTHER PRISONER

As he turns to SEE the Alien clutching Kevin, now kicking in his death-throes.

Martin begins running towards him --

Martin reaches his cohort and encircles his kicking legs with his arms.

Somehow he manages to wrestle Kevin's body free from the Alien and they tumble to the floor with a thud.

## LOOKING DOWN VENT SHAFT

as Martin drags Kevin along the floor toward the main corridor.

## VENT SHAFT

Martin in the foreground watches as the ALIEN climbs with lightning speed out of the air vent.

## INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

Martin dragging Kevin into the main hall.

## AIR-LOCK - OTHER SIDE OF THE CORRIDOR

as Martin pulls the body through, dropping it, and then leaping in after...

139 TROY 139

Hand on switch.

140 HIS P.O.V. 140

looking down the empty corridor.

Suddenly, the ALIEN emerges from one of the side entrances -- head poking out, looking every which way.

141 TROY 141

Slams the switch down.

142 TIGHT - PISTON 142

as it jerks into motion, overhead lights FLASHING.

143 THE CORRIDOR 143

The Alien leaps onto the abandoned body of the dead Prisoner (Kevin?).

The overhead LIGHTS and the MOVING PISTON silhouette it from behind.

## THE CORRIDOR - REVERSE ANGLE

143 CONT.

143 CONT.

Behind the Alien, Martin slams the steel door shut.  
Trapped, the Alien crashes backwards into it.

144 ALCOVE - TROY

144

whimpers with fear...

145 STEEL DOOR - THRU AIR LOCK PORT

145

The ALIEN HEAD on the other side, turning...

146 ALCOVE - TROY

146

as the Alien enters his space...

147 CORRIDOR

147

LOW ANGLE as the piston, moving right to left, slams into  
dead Prisoner Body (Kevin?).

148 STEEL DOOR

148

The PISTON grinds past air-lock window port --

149 CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS

149

looking down corridor as THE PISTON APPROACHES.  
Ripley looks off...  
No Alien!

150 STEEL DOOR

150

Martin at window port.  
Looking... Where the hell is it?  
Piston passes left to right, the rear going past.  
WIPES THE SCREEN, cutting to:

WIDE OF CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS

Window Port Prisoner's P.O.V. We SEE:  
The remains of the dead Prisoner (Kevin?).  
No Alien!

151 ANOTHER AIR LOCK

151

Ripley turns into her air lock and yells at Aaron

RIPLEY  
What the hell's happening?

152 AIR LOCK

152

Martin turns towards CAMERA, screaming bloody murder.

- 153 ANOTHER PART OF THE PASSAGEWAYS 153  
Jude, in the immediate foreground, hears the previous OFF-SCREEN SCREAMS.  
In the background, the ALIEN, out of focus, comes into view.
- 154 AIR LOCK 154  
Ripley starts running.  
Aaron follows.
- 155 THE CORRIDOR - ALIEN P.O.V. 155  
as it rushes after Jude.  
LOW ANGLE  
The Prisoner fleeing towards camera.  
ALIEN P.O.V.  
Gaining...
- 156 CORRIDOR 156  
Ripley stops, backs against a wall, holds her stomach.  
Aaron passes her.
- 157 ANOTHER PART OF CORRIDOR 157  
LONG SHOT looking down the length of the corridor with ANOTHER PRISONER in the distance.  
MARTIN  
Don't look behind you!  
ALIEN - P.O.V.  
Looking down on the fleeing Jude, right on top of him --
- 158 CORRIDOR - 158  
Martin leaps back into the main corridor.  
The PISTON APPROACHES in the background.
- 159 LOW ANGLE 159  
Jude is snatched into the air toward the door jamb -- his KICKING FEET go out in a whoosh.  
ALIEN - P.O.V.  
The air-lock door closes.  
Blood splatters...

160 CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS 160

Ripley jumps in front of the Piston in the background.  
Aaron, in the foreground, turns and looks towards CAMERA.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ripley pulls the body of Kevin away from the moving piston --  
Aaron at her side -- Aaron hefts Kevin -- Ripley and Aaron run  
with the body over his shoulder back through the air-lock,  
slamming it shut behind him.

161 MARTIN 161

in EXTREME CLOSE-UP cries out...

162 CORRIDOR - LEADWORKS 162

Martin runs for his life.

DOWN ANGLE - CORRIDOR

as the ALIEN slams into Martin using its head like a hammer.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LOW

as Martin getting beat to death falls helpless...  
Nearby another Prisoner, showered in his cohort's blood,  
screaming for mercy...  
The Prisoner who bought the farm is whisked up into the  
overhead air-duct by the Alien.

DOWN ANGLE - AIR DUCT

the Alien continuing to demolish his victim as the other  
Prisoner, in the background, crawls away...

LOW ANGLE

on the Crawling Prisoner as he hits the feet of...

RIPLEY

in an UP ANGLE, looking down at the fellow inmate.

DOWN ANGLE - AIR VENT

The Alien being attacked with flare by the nearby crazed  
Ripley.  
The Beast as it drops the ravaged Prisoner body --

RIPLEY

Come on, you bastard!

ANGLE - THE CRAWLING PRISONER

as he watches in increasing horror.

162 CONT.

162 CONT.

AARON

arrives in the doorway, just as:

RIPLEY

turns, shouting:

Get back!

RIPLEY

THE ALIEN - AIR VENT

scuttling UPSIDE DOWN...

RIPLEY

in CLOSE-UP, backing away. Aaron moves ahead of her...

163 MAIN CORRIDOR

163

Ripley and Aaron back into the main corridor -- at the entrance to the mould...

AARON  
In here, you bastard!

THEIR P.O.V.

looking up at the ceiling as the ALIEN leaps over the door jamb, as...

RIPLEY

turns to Aaron.

RIPLEY  
Shut it! Now!

INT. PASSAGE - PRISONER

The Prisoner slams the door in front of her, imprisoning Aaron and Ripley in the corridor with the Alien.

E.C.U. ON RIPLEY

shouting at the Crawling Prisoner on the other side:

RIPLEY  
Now!

OPPOSITE PASSAGE

The Crawling Prisoner slams his door shut.


- 164 THE ALIEN 164  
exploding INTO THE FRAME towards the CAMERA -  
MAIN CORRIDOR - LEAD WORKS - NEAR MOULD  
as the Piston crunches into the Alien.
- 165 MOULD - LEAD WORKS - 165  
as the three-way door slides open...  
Ripley and Aaron have no choice -- they enter the mould.
- 166 EDGE OF THE MOVING PISTON 166  
as the Alien tries to reach its tentacle around it, but the fit of the  
Piston through the corridor is just too tight.  
TIGHTER ON THE PISTON  
as exo-skeletal parts of the Alien are abraded and ripped off by  
the moving piston..  
The Piston continues to go forward despite corrosive ACID  
BURNS of the Alien defense mechanism.  
THE CORRIDOR  
as the PISTON PUSHES the Alien towards the Mould...  
THE CORRIDOR  
as the PISTON arrives at the three-way door.  
MOULD - TIGHTER  
as the doors successfully close in front of the disappearing  
Piston.  
MOULD - EVEN TIGHTER  
as the three-way door SLAMS SHUT, locking the Alien. Ripley  
and Aaron inside...
- 167 EXT. ENTRANCE TO FURY COMPLEX 167  
The company men arrive.  
Guns ready.
- 168 CLOSE - THE COMPANY MEN'S FEET DESCEND 168  
METAL STEPS...



169 INT. BUG WASH

169

Golic watching as the door EXPLODES inward...  
Six Commandos and two medical officers enter.  
The Commando team covers the area with pulse rifles.  
The Captain steps forward.  
Looks at Golic.  
The Captain is a dead ringer for the android Bishop.  
He sees the dead bodies across the way.

 BISHOP II  
You got a name?

GOLIC  
Right, sir. Prisoner Golic. 137512.  
Three years to go, sir...got something  
to show you, sir...very important.

BISHOP II  
You're taking me to Lieutenant  
Ripley?

GOLIC  
Right this way. Right this way.

170 INT. ABATTOIR

170

A soldier bends down over one of the dead prisoners.

COMPANY MAN  
Throat's cut, sir. All of 'em.

GOLIC  
Serves 'em right. What goes around  
comes around -- know what I mean?

BISHOP II  
Where is everybody?

GOLIC  
Not many of us left, sir. The dragon  
got 'em. Served 'em right.

BISHOP II  
What about Lieutenant Ripley?

GOLIC  
Don't know, sir. But I know where  
she went. You guys got anything to  
eat?

171 INT. PRISON COMPLEX

171

Tracking in front of Bishop as he and the Weyland-Yutani  
soldiers stride through complex.

- 172 TOP OF GANTRY - CRANE 172  
Morse climbs up.
- 173 INT. MESS HALL 173  
Bishop II and his men storm through.
- 174 RIPLEY AND AARON 174  
continue backing into the inner-mould.  
CLOSE - RIPLEY  
She glances up...
- RIPLEY'S P.O.V.  
The inside of the mould -- overhead she can see the gantry  
moving away -- PAN DOWN TO the entrance as the Alien  
enters...
- AARON AND RIPLEY
- RIPLEY  
Come on you bastard.
- 175 INT. COMPLEX 175  
Bishop II and company continuing their advance...
- 176 INT. INNER-MOULD 176  
The Alien withdraws into the shadows...
- AARON  
Now's your chance - Get going!  
He helps her start to climb up the sides of the mould.  
CLOSE - RIPLEY  
Her hand searching for a hold.  
Immediately the Alien moves fully into the mould...
- 177 INT. COMPLEX 177  
A Soldier and his gun in foreground.  
Bishop II passing by...

- 178 INT. MOULD - HIGH SHOT 178  
Ripley climbs toward CAMERA...  
THE ALIEN - NOW IN THE MOULD  
It approaches Aaron...  
He shouts up to Ripley.
- AARON  
Keep going.
- RIPLEY  
Looks down...
- RIPLEY'S P.O.V.  
The Alien moving close to Aaron.
- 179 INT. COMPLEX 179  
Bishop II and company striding past CAMERA...
- 180 INT. TOP OF THE MOULD 180  
Ripley climbs out.  
Secures herself on the ledge.  
Reaches down to help Aaron.
- RIPLEY'S P.O.V.  
Aaron trying to reach her -- The Alien advancing fast.  
Closes in on him.  
The beast's inner jaw slides out...  
It's tongue explodes into Aaron's head.
- 181 INT. COMPLEX - LOW ANGLE - THROUGH STEPS 181  
Bishop II and his gang climbing...
- 182 INT. TOP OF MOULD - RIPLEY 182  
She grabs at the nearby pipes...  
Starts to climb through them.  
Horrible screaming sounds.  
Ripley looks down in horror.
- 183 CLOSE - AARON 183  
Screaming and dying.

	18/12/90 - W.H., D.G.	103.
184	RIPLEY She looks back at...	184
185	RIPLEY'S P.O.V. MORSE driving the gantry/crane.	185
186	INT. TOP OF OBSERVATION PLATFORM - LEAD WORKS Bishop II and company appear, rising up from the circular steps -- they stride along the platform.	186
187	CLOSE - THE MOLTEN LEAD BUCKET...	187
188	RIPLEY She looks down...	188
189	RIPLEY'S P.O.V. The Alien is climbing up the side of the mould.	189
190	BISHOP II walks to edge of platform...  BISHOP II'S P.O.V. The Gantry Crane. The Mould. The Furnace.	190
191	MORSE Operating the levers...	191
192	E.C.U. AS THE BUCKET TIPS --	192
193	BISHOP II Shouting...  BISHOP II Don't do it! No!	193
194	LOW ANGLE - THE BUCKET The molten lead falls to CAMERA.	194

- 195 THE ALIEN 195  
Now at the top of the mould...close to Ripley.
- 196 RIPLEY 196  
Watches as the lead pours past her in a torrent -- into the mould.
- 197 THE ALIEN 197  
Screams, rolls within the molten lead.  
Falls back -- swept down by the fiery metal.
- 198 BOTTOM OF THE MOULD 198  
The Alien thrashes around in agony...
- 199 BISHOP 199  
Gazes down...
- 200 MORSE 200  
Smiles.  
MORSE  
Got you -- you miserable fucker!
- 201 RIPLEY 201  
Stares down.  
RIPLEY'S P.O.V.  
Smoke and steam pouring out of mould...  
Suddenly the Alien, burning and smoking, reappears -- still climbing.
- 202 MORSE 202  
He can't believe it...  
MORSE  
Shit!

- 203 TIGHT ON LIP OF MOULD 203  
The Alien's head rises into frame -- The beast hurtles out of  
mould toward the pipes...
- 204 RIPLEY 204  
Reaches out for one of the nearby chains.
- 205 HIGH SHOT - LOOKING DOWN AT PIPES 205  
The Alien now fully out of the mould, continues to climb  
toward CAMERA...
- 206 RIPLEY 206  
Swings out on the chain.
- 207 THE ALIEN 207  
Spread out on pipes as it climbs.
- 208 RIPLEY'S HANDS 208  
Pulling on the chain.
- 209 TIGHT - LARGE WATER DUCT 209  
The chain pulls open the seal -- water gushes out...
- 210 RIPLEY 210  
Being drenched.  
Hanging on for her life -- the water pours to CAMERA.
- 211 CLOSE - CASCADING WATER -- 211
- 212 THE FREEZING WATER HITS THE ALIEN - 212  
IT'S HEAD EXPLODES!!
- 213 WIDER - NOW A HUGE EXPLOSION! THE 213  
MOULD GOES UP!!
- 214 RIPLEY 214  
Still on the chain - buffeted by the blast.

- 215 TOP OF GANTRY - MORSE 215  
Also shaken by the impact.
- 216 OBSERVATION PLATFORM - EXPLOSION IN FOREGROUND 216  
Bishop II and company reacting...
- 217 ANGLE - THROUGH LEGS OF GANTRY 217  
The blast slowly subsides...
- 218 RIPLEY 218  
Exhausted...  
Swinging on the heavy chain -- the GANTRY lurches toward her.
- FROM BEHIND RIPLEY IN FOREGROUND  
Morse reaching out to help her onto the gantry...
- 219 OBSERVATION PLATFORM 219  
Bishop II and company watching.
- 220 ON THE GANTRY 220  
Dragging herself upright, Ripley grips the railing and glances down at the furnace.  
Its cross-like shape blurs, slipping in and out of focus.  
Suddenly, she's sick again.  
Turning, she sees Bishop II and his group appear below.  
Bishop II starts moving towards her.  
Gazing upward...  
Her voice cuts through the sweltering heat:
- RIPLEY  
Don't come any closer!
- BISHOP II  
(stopping)  
Ripley. Wait.
- RIPLEY  
Stay where you are!
- He stands still.  
The others move in behind him.  
Another wave of nausea overcomes Ripley.

220 CONT.

220 CONT.

BISHOP II

I just want to help you.

RIPLEY

No more bullshit! I just felt the damn thing move.

Halting, Bishop II watches her step farther out on the gantry. Something horrible hits Ripley in the chest, knocking the wind out of her. Struggling for breath, she never takes her eyes off --

BISHOP II

He gives her a small comforting smile...

BISHOP II

You know who I am?

RIPLEY

Yeah. A droid. Same model as Bishop.

BISHOP II

I'm not an android. I designed it. I'm the prototype. But I'm very human. I was sent here to show you a friendly face -- and to demonstrate to you how important you are to us. Please come down.

RIPLEY

You just want to take it back.

Golic appears from behind a column.

BISHOP II

We want to take you home. We don't care what happens to it. We know what you've been through.

GOLIC

I hate droids.

Bishop II glances over to Golic -- a look of quick contempt.

BISHOP II

Shut up.

RIPLEY

Bullshit. You just want what's inside me.



220 CONT.

220 CONT.

BISHOP II

I won't lie to you. I know you don't want to be patronized. We do care about it. After all, it's the last one in the universe. And it's a perfect organism. Its structural perfection is matched only by its hostility. We admire its purity.

ON THE GANTRY -

Resolute, she hits the control box.  
Slowly, the giant crane starts to move, heading out over the furnace.

221 BISHOP II

221

and the rest stand riveted below.  
The heat is murderous.

BISHOP II

Ripley, I only have your best interest at heart. We can surgically remove the fetus. You're going to have a long, productive life.

He holds out his hand -- an almost beatific gesture.  
Golic now moves very close to Bishop II.  
He's totally freaked out.

GOLIC

I hate droids. They're so full of shit.

BISHOP II

(upward, to Ripley)

Trust me.

WHAM!

Golic hits Bishop II in the middle of the head with Dillon's axe.  
Bishop II stands there frozen.  
Then turns to Golic...  
Axe stuck in his head.  
No wires.  
No milk.  
Real blood.

BISHOP II

I am not a DROIDDDDDDD!!!!!!

And dies.

222 RIPLEY

222

Looking down.

222 CONT.

222 CONT.

RIPLEY

It's moving.

223 BELOW - TWO OTHER COMPANY MEN

223

BLAM! BLAM!

One kills Golic instantly with a pulse rifle.

The other starts to examine Bishop II's body...

COMPANY MAN #1

This doesn't change anything, Ripley.

We can still save you. You owe it to  
us. You owe it to yourself.

224 RIPLEY

224

Smiles.

RIPLEY

Never! Never!

Then her face distorts in pain.

RIPLEY

No!

Her chest bulges.

RIPLEY

It's too late!

The BABY QUEEN bursts out!

She catches it!

Ripley holds it, the tiny beast kicking in her hands!!

RIPLEY

Too late!

Extends it above her head.

Choking it -- fighting -- killing it --

THE COMPANY MAN

Screams.

COMPANY MAN #1

Nooooo!!!!

225 ON THE GANTRY - RIPLEY

225

Still shaking the BABY QUEEN --

She steps backwards off the platform and disappears into the  
raging inferno.

Down.

225 CONT.

225 CONT.

Down into the pure white flame.  
A moment of ecstasy.  
A moment of triumph.

226 MORSE

226

He stares blankly for a moment.

MORSE

For within each seed there is the  
promise of a flower. And within each  
death, no matter how small, there is  
always a new life. A new beginning.

227 INT. WEYLAND-YUTANI WORK CORRECTIONAL  
FACILITY - FURY 161

227

A complex maze of rooms and corridors...  
Empty.  
Dusty.  
Abandoned.  
A weird plastic bird drinks from a styrofoam cup.  
Morse and the remaining prisoners being led away in shackles.

228 INT. CONE OF SILENCE

228

As the prisoners are marched by...  
In the dark we see the E.E.V.

229 INT. E.E.V.

229

Empty.  
Lifeless.  
A broken glass tube where someone once slept.  
Someone who made a sacrifice.  
Someone who was victorious.

FADE.